

# THE CRITIC

OF

LITERATURE, ART, SCIENCE, AND THE DRAMA;

A GUIDE FOR THE LIBRARY AND BOOK-CLUB.

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\* As no advertisement could give a just idea of the variety and extent of the information contained in the above Volumes, Specimens will be sent, post-paid, on application to the Publishers, A. H. Baily and Co., Cornhill, London.

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## THE CRITIC.

### NOTICE.

A PORTFOLIO, on a convenient plan, for preserving the numbers of THE CRITIC, during the progress of the volumes, is now ready, and may be had at the Office, by order of any bookseller in the country, price 5s.

THE CRITIC will be supplied for Six Months, by post, to any person forwarding four shillings' worth of penny postage stamps to the Office.

### TO AUTHORS.

THE CRITIC has adopted the novel and interesting plan of reviewing unpublished MSS., for the purpose of enabling authors unknown to fame to take the opinion of the public and of the booksellers upon the merits and probabilities of success for their works, previously to incurring the cost of publication. For this purpose, the following rules are to be observed.

The author is requested to make a brief outline of the contents of his work and transmit it to us, with the MS. (or such portions as he may deem to be fair specimens of it), from which we may select the extracts for our columns. All MSS. so submitted to us will be carefully preserved, and returned, as the author may direct, so soon as we have done with them.

It may be as well here to observe that religious and political treatises must be excluded from this portion of THE CRITIC.

### TO READERS.

It is again our pleasant duty to report a considerable accession to the List of Subscribers; an increase the more gratifying because it has not been procured by any of the usual contrivances for making known a new periodical. It has been accomplished solely by the recommendations which its readers have been so kind as to make to their friends, and a continuance of the same service will, we trust, continue to produce the same results.

Many reviews that were in type have been postponed for want of space, and the sheet being already of the largest size allowed by the Stamp Act, we cannot add to the number of our pages. We contemplate, however, on the commencement of the second half-year, the introduction of an improvement which will remedy this evil, and enable THE CRITIC more effectually to carry out the objects for which it was established.

It will be seen that the proposition put forth in our last for a review of unpublished MSS. has received prompt acceptance. The present number contains the first that has been sent to us, and we have promises of many more.

A Prospectus of THE CRITIC, to contain a List of the Subscribers, is in preparation, for the use of those of its friends who have expressed a desire to exert themselves to introduce it into their neighbourhoods. As we are desirous to make this List of Subscribers, which

is of the very highest respectability, as complete as possible, we shall feel much obliged to those who receive THE CRITIC through their booksellers, and not directly from the Office, if they will forthwith forward to us their names and addresses for insertion in the forthcoming list.

## LITERATURE.

### Summary.

It will be seen that the past month has not been barren. Some works of enduring value have appeared, foremost of which is that entitled "*Life in a Sick Room*," understood to be from the pen of Miss MARTINEAU, and of which a notice appears in a subsequent page. We have received some books for review which are postponed for deliberate survey; of these, the most important in every respect, in its subject, in its size, in its ability, is *Thornton's History of India*. Of lighter literature, there is nothing to report worthy of special note; its general character has been as trashy and frivolous as ever, nor is there a symptom of improvement in poetry, drama, novel, or romance.

We add a few gleanings from various sources of intelligence.

A commission has been lately appointed by the Minister of Justice at Berlin to write the lives of the principal criminals condemned in Prussia during the last ten years. This is the first government Newgate Calendar we have heard of. Law reforms are much talked of there, and among them, the abolition of imprisonment for debt and the introduction of the trial by jury.

The French Government have paid a due tribute to the memory of the poet Casimir Delavigne. The day after his funeral, M. Villmain, the Minister of Instruction, sent his widow an order for a pension of 1,200 francs, and a bursarship for her son to the college of Henry IV. The authorities of Havre, his native town, have voted the erection of a monument to his memory, which, with excellent taste, is to be placed in front of the house in which he was born, on the Quai de la Barre.

The diversity of tastes and the vast increase of the reading public have been recently illustrated by the opening of a dépôt in London for the sale of the works of Emanuel Swedenborg.

We have received from a Transatlantic friend a copy of an address to the people of the United States, issued by the committee of the American Copyrights Club, in October last, which is well deserving the notice of all friends to the cause of literature, which term includes all friends to justice, knowledge, truth, and all the highest interests of man as a moral and intellectual being. Without stopping to cavil capriciously at the past conduct of the American booksellers, or speculating ill-naturedly on the causes which have led to this movement, whether it be the result of Mr. Dickens's embassy in the cause of literary rights, of their own loss in consequence of the greater success of inferior pirates, or of a slowly-awakened sense of justice, we hail with pleasure this strenuous endeavour to wipe off from the American nation the stigma of being the greatest pirates of the age.

In August last a club was formed, "to procure the enactment of such law or laws as shall place the literary relations of the United States and foreign countries, in reference to copyright, on just, proper, and equitable grounds." Among its members were forthwith enrolled all the greatest names in the United States—Washington Irving, Kent, Story, Wheaton, Willis, Longfellow, Emerson, Bancroft, J. L. Stephens, Jared Sparks, Quincy Adams, Everett, Tyler, together with all the principal booksellers throughout the country. The address issued by them is a remarkable document. It is written for an American audience, and "on broad American ground," to rouse the nation to a sense of the lasting evils, which will far outweigh the temporary advantage of reading pirated reprints at a few cents a volume. The right of authors to demand the protection of the law is not discussed, for, in fact, it cannot be gained; but the expediency is enforced, and an appeal is made to their generosity, their sense of justice, their self-respect, their patriotic attachment to their countrymen in noble pursuits, and the duty enforced "by considerations springing from the past, resting on the present, and pointing to the future."

The description of the current literature of the States is couched in language that we should have suspected of prejudice in the pages of a traveller. "Every landmark and barrier, separating good from bad in literature, has been broken, and a race of the trashiest publications in style, in matter, in type, and look, that the slime of cities ever bred, has swarmed from every quarter. Indifferent to their origin, their

purpose, their tendency, it has been the business of whole classes of men throughout the United States to publish and vend these works, and to raise up thereby enemies in every village and neighbourhood, to all the recognized standards of taste, morality, and truth."

Protect foreign authors from piracy, and you will give encouragement to your own, is their argument, and by this act of justice will you fit yourselves for the contest with England in the realms of thought and the domains of science. A noble contest indeed; and the CRITIC will joyfully aid, by exertions, encouragement, and sympathy, in clearing away all obstructions to a fair trial.

## HISTORY.

*Introductory Lectures on Modern History.* By T. ARNOLD, D.D. Second Edition. Oxford, J. H. Parker. London, Fellows.

THE appointment of the late lamented Dr. Arnold to the Professorship of Modern History at Oxford was hailed with joy by every lover of that science. The occupant of that chair was no longer to be mute, and the fitness of the Head Master of Rugby and the historian of Rome was undisputed. He possessed a thorough acquaintance with the great masters of history and philosophy, ancient as well as modern; an enlarged experience of human character; wide and deep knowledge; power to discover and apply general principles, as well as to grapple with minute details; patience in research, and skill in arrangement. His style was clear and manly, yet expressive and eloquent from its simplicity and earnestness. But his moral qualifications were still higher—qualifications which were so lamentably wanting in Hume and Gibbon. His noble independence of thought, his lofty and firm principles, undeformed by bigotry or intolerance; his fervent admiration of all that was noble, great, and good, and, above all, his deep and enduring love of truth, and utter abhorrence of all meanness, injustice, and tyranny, by whatever party, or under whatever specious colours presented, and his just sense of the responsibility of man to his Creator, shone forth in all his writings, as in his daily actions and conduct.

To pay the tribute to these qualities—intellectual and moral—the members of the University ceased to think of his political opinions, and thronged in crowds to hear these lectures, which, by the speedy demand for a second edition, the public have also, we are glad to see, duly appreciated.

They are intended to point out the treasures hidden in the mine of the past, the easiest mode of bringing them to light and separating the dross from the gold, and the practical duties to be kept constantly in view by the student.

After shewing the object of national life, and the chief exponents of its character, Dr. Arnold thus describes the treasures to be found in its history:—

"Whatever there is of greatness in the final cause of all human thought and action, God's glory and man's perfection, that is the measure of the greatness of history. Whatever there is of variety and intense interest in human nature in its elevation, whether proud as by nature, or sanctified by God's grace; in its suffering, whether blessed or unblest, a martyrdom or a judgment; in its strange reverses, in its varied adventures, in its yet more varied powers, its courage and its patience, its genius and its wisdom, its justice and its love, that also is the measure of the interest and variety of history."

From these treasures should be learned two great lessons of universal application—"one, that we are not in ourselves superior to our fathers; another, that we are shamefully and monstrously inferior to them, if we do not advance beyond them."

A knowledge of universal history is out of the question. The longest life would be too short, the greatest abilities insufficient for the attempt. But may not a student understand history even without the toil of a life? Dr. Arnold answers, he may. Let him study one period for himself; not in abridgments, "those moths of histories," but by reference to the cotemporary writers, the institutions, laws, statutes, treaties, and other memorials of facts, or principles, the literature, light as well as grave, sounding his depth as he advances, correcting and illustrating the past by a knowledge of the present, and then he will have become master of the process by which to investigate any other period in a shorter time and with greater moral and intellectual advantage than other men, who, grasping at too much, have carried away nothing.

To facilitate this investigation, Dr. Arnold, in his

second lecture, points out the characteristics of the historians in more or less civilized—that is, more or less complicated—periods, and proceeds (Lect. III.) to examine the period since 1540; first, in its external aspect, stamped with a tendency to the absorption of the smaller states by the larger, and then in its internal character.

His graphic and truthful generalization of the last example of this tendency we will quote at length.

"The most military people in Europe became engaged in a war for their very existence. Invasion on the frontiers, civil war and all imaginable horrors raging within, the ordinary relations of life went to wrack, and every Frenchman became a soldier. It was a multitude numerous as the hosts of Persia, but animated by the courage and skill and energy of the old Romans. One thing alone was wanting, that which Pyrrhus said the Romans wanted, to enable them to conquer the world, a general and a ruler like himself. There was wanted a master-hand to restore and maintain peace at home, and to concentrate and direct the immense military resources of France against her foreign enemies. And such a one appeared in Napoleon. Pacifying La Vendée, receiving back the emigrants, restoring the church, remodelling the law, personally absolute, yet carefully preserving and maintaining all the great points which the nation had won at the revolution, Napoleon united in himself, not only the power, but the whole will of France, and that power and will were guided by a genius for war, such as Europe had never seen since Cæsar.

"The effect was absolutely magical. In November, 1799, he was made First Consul; he found France humbled by defeats, his Italian conquests lost—his allies invaded—his own frontier threatened. He took the field in May, 1800, and in June, the whole fortune of the war was changed, and Austria driven out of Lombardy by the victory of Marengo. Still the flood of the tide rose higher and higher, and every successive wave of its advance swept away a kingdom. Earthly state has never reached a prouder pinnacle than when Napoleon, in June, 1812, gathered his army at Dresden—that mighty host, unequalled in all time, of 450,000, not men merely, but effective soldiers, and there received the homage of subject kings. And now, what was the principal adversary of this tremendous power? By whom was it checked, and resisted, and put down? By none, and by nothing, but the direct and manifest interposition of God. I know of no language so well fitted to describe that victorious advance to Moscow, and the utter humiliation of the retreat, as the language of the prophet with respect to the advance and subsequent destruction of the host of Sennacherib: 'When they arose early in the morning, behold they were all dead corpses'—applies almost literally to that memorable night of frost, in which 20,000 horses perished, and the strength of the French army was utterly broken."

The fourth lecture displays the character of the Professor in some of its fairest proportions. As a civilian, he does not pretend to military knowledge, although few non-military men ever possessed so much; as a man, he honours the heroic qualities, the exercise of which throws a halo around war, that a man must be more or less than a man to resist; but as a philosopher and a Christian, he draws our attention to its causes and effects, its horrors and their possible amelioration. But we must proceed to the more instructive and engrossing subject—the inner life of a nation.

In the fifth and two following lectures we are furnished with the clues to guide us through the tangled maze of opinions and parties in England since the accession of Elizabeth, by a rapid but most lively analysis of the various struggles for the attainment of religious truth and civil and religious liberty.

Profound thoughts, philosophical observations, and lessons of moderation, truthfulness, and wisdom, are to be found in rich abundance; and passages are not wanting in which these are clothed in the language of heart-stirring eloquence. Foremost among these is the following:—

"A man who leaves the popular cause when it is triumphant, and joins the party opposed to it, without really changing his principles and becoming a renegade, is one of the noblest characters in history. He may not have the clearest judgment, or the firmest wisdom; he may have been mistaken, but as far as he is concerned personally, we cannot but admire him. But such a man changes his party not to conquer, but to die. He does not allow the caresses of his new friends to make him forget that he is a sojourner with them, and not a citizen; his old friends may have used him ill, they may be dealing unjustly and cruelly; still their faults, though they may have driven him into exile, cannot banish from his mind the consciousness that with them is his true home; that their cause is habitually just and habitually true."



weaker, although now bewildered and led astray by an unwonted gleam of success. He protests so strongly against their evil that he chooses to die by their hands rather than in their company; but die he must, for there is no place left on earth where his sympathies can breathe freely; he is obliged to leave the country of his affections, and life elsewhere is intolerable.

"This man is no renegade, no apostate, but the purest of martyrs; for what testimony to truth can be so pure as that which is given unshared by any sympathy; given not against enemies, amidst applauding friends; but against friends, amidst unpitying or half-rejoicing enemies. And such a martyr was Falkland!"

This splendid portrait is followed by a sketch of those whose desertion arises from no such noble feelings:—

"Others who fall off from a popular party in its triumph are of a different character. Ambitious men, who think that they are become necessary to their opponents, and who crave the glory of being able to undo their own work as easily as they had done it; passionate men, who, quarrelling with their old associates on some personal question, join the adversary in search of revenge; vain men, who think their place unequal to their merits, and hope to gain a higher on the opposite side; timid men, who are frightened, as it were, at the noise of their own guns, and the stir of actual battle; who had liked to dally with popular principles in the parade service of debating or writing in quiet times, who shrink alarmed when both sides are become thoroughly in earnest."

Wide generalizations are, however, apt to mislead, if we do not bear in mind that parties never wholly represent principles, and often hold views directly contrary to the principles which they profess. Circumstances also greatly vary the benefits to be derived from the victory of one party; indeed, without any desertion of principle, a man may leave his party, when, flushed with success, they are forgetting that good government consists in the preponderance neither of the movement party nor of the stand-still party, but in the due blending together of both.

"It is a fatal error," says Dr. Arnold, somewhat quaintly, "to mistake the clock." The Guelf cause may be right in the eleventh or twelfth centuries, and wrong in the sixteenth or seventeenth. It was a perception of this truth that caused Burke and many others to halt in their exertions to produce changes; and with it before our minds, we should be less bitter in our political hatreds, less blind in our political friendships. Ingenuity cannot invent an infallible "governor" to regulate the speed of the political machine, but each person must judge and decide for himself.

We know no historian who is so fully alive to this, and consequently so uniformly candid in judging of men, not by their parties, but by their own conduct, as Dr. Arnold.

Despotic power destroys not the virtues of a Trajan, nor can the cause of liberty hallow the character of a Wilkes.

Our historian never allows himself or his readers to forget that whatever their studies may be, their duties lie in the world before them; that the noblest institutions, the most heroic deeds, are but steps towards excellence; that if liberty produces not worthy fruits, "even the names of Thermopylae and of Morgarten become in after-times a reproach rather than a glory."

No sketch can do full justice to the contents of this volume; and if we were guided only by our admiration, we should transfer at length to our columns many more passages—such as the vindication of the Puritans; the instructive analysis of the popular and the anti-popular parties in success and in adversity; the indignant protest against the torpor of the last century, and the less excusable pride and blindness of those who assert that the middle ages were better or happier than our own, seeing truth more clearly, and serving God more faithfully; and almost the whole of the last lecture on the criteria of historic credibility.

Enough has already been given to justify our admiration, and we must, for the present, tear ourselves away from the perusal of the works of one whose memory is enshrined in the hearts of thousands, who have either experienced or witnessed the benefits derived from his example and instruction;

"He whom all England honoured as her first  
Of Christian teachers."

Since his death, the third volume of his History of Rome has been published, bringing the narrative almost to the conclusion of the second Punic war. This noble fragment—for, like that of his great

predecessor Niebuhr, a fragment it must remain—we purpose to introduce to the notice of our readers in an early number.

*History of the Rebellion in Ireland in the Year 1798.* By W. H. MAXWELL, Esq. Part I. London, 1844. A. H. Baily and Co.

THIS work comes opportunely to aid the public mind in forming that sound judgment upon Irish affairs which must precede efficient legislation. All are now agreed that something must be done; it remains only to determine what that something shall be. To arrive at a right conclusion, it is necessary that we should have an accurate knowledge of the past history of a country whose present condition is acknowledged to be the result of causes far removed, forgotten by England, but which still rankle in the popular mind of Ireland as if they were of yesterday. This history will be of great service if it recalls to Englishmen events which are full in the memories of Irishmen. We shall then be better able to understand the feelings of the latter, and consequently to deal with them the more successfully.

The publication before us will no doubt be extensively read; and though we are unable with so small a fragment of it before us fairly to judge its deserts, we are inclined from this specimen to deem favourably of it, and to anticipate a valuable contribution to our historical literature.

Mr. Maxwell appears to have formed a just estimate of the largeness of his subject, and to have bent all his energies to the performance of his task. His style has more of the dignity of history than we should have anticipated from our knowledge of his productions of a lighter class; but we warn him against the danger into which we see that he has an imminent tendency to fall—that of trying to be too grand—straining his language beyond his thoughts, and substituting sounding common-places for philosophical reflections. We would remind him thus early that true greatness is always simple, and that lofty themes never seem so lofty as when they are dressed in the plainest garb. Let him affect, as much as possible, the pure Saxon dialect; let him sedulously shun his Latinisms and Græcisms, and expunge them without mercy when he revises his manuscript; too many are visible in the pages before us.

It is now an admitted axiom that a rebellion never occurs but under the absorbing conviction of great grievances, real or imaginary. A revolt is the rising of a people against oppression of some kind. It is an easier process to attribute it to agitators; but agitators are themselves the fruit of misrule—the armed men that have sprung from the dragon's teeth; they but express the emotions that pre-exist in the popular mind, and they lead only because they are presumed to sympathize with those emotions. Where no sense of wrong existed, an agitator would preach in vain.

A necessary preface, therefore, to the History of a rebellion, is an inquiry into its causes; and those of the Irish revolt are so manifest, that it is impossible to mistake them.

Palpably, it was the uprising of the majority to assert their natural right of freedom from subjection to the minority. By a series of atrocities which, if they had been committed by any nation but ourselves, we should never have ceased to pour forth upon it the vials of our virtuous wrath, the entire natural position of things in Ireland had been reversed; the land had been torn from its lawful possessors, under preence of confiscation, and handed over to aliens in blood, in religion, and in language; the Church, which was the Church of the people, was deprived of her possessions, which were transferred to a Church that had few worshippers; while the clergy of the people were cast upon the charity of their countrymen, and compelled, in self-defence, to feed the popular hatreds of the intruders, otherwise sufficiently bitter. As one wrong invariably leads to another, to maintain this system of injustice resort was had to the most barbarous penal legislation that ever disgraced the annals of a country calling itself civilized; and Europe beheld with amazement the cruelties of the darkest ages of the world surpassed by Protestant England in her government of Catholic Ireland. The hideous list of the laws, now happily swept from the statute-book, by which England endeavoured to support the unnatural social and political arrangements which she had imposed on the Irish people, are too well known to our readers to need repetition. They

exist no more, and happy would it be for us if we could erase the memory of them from the minds of the people against whom they were levelled. But it is a decree of Providence that the sins of the fathers shall be visited unto the third and fourth generation, and we are now paying the penalty of the gigantic wickedness of our ancestors in their treatment of Ireland.

It must be remembered that the greater portion of these grievances remained undressed at the time when the rebellion broke out; and, bearing in mind that they were its cause, and that the convulsion was an effort to restore society to its natural order, we shall be better enabled to follow Mr. Maxwell through his history of the events of that memorable struggle.

He opens with a brief, but graphic, sketch of the events that immediately preceded the outbreak, but he makes no attempt to trace its causes. We have endeavoured to do so for him. His account of the origin and progress of the Society of United Irishmen is very spirited; but it will be worth while to show how the Government of that day contrived to blow the spark into a flame:—

"There is no doubt that these stringent powers were afterwards sadly and frequently abused. Arrests on secret information—districts unnecessarily proclaimed—suspected persons sent, without the shadow of a trial, on board the fleet—military licence—arbitrary impressment of beasts of burden for baggage transport—abuse in billeting—a general insolence in the soldiery—all these formed constant subject for complaint—and unfortunately, it was seldom made without ample provocation."

"The severities were impolitic—they reacted against the Government—and the feelings of the lower orders became exasperated, but not subdued. The most deeply marked of innate feelings in the human breast is resistance to oppression, whether it be real or imaginary. The peasantry assembled by night to drill or deprive the loyalists of their arms, whilst, by day, they collected in enormous numbers to harvest the crops of persons imprisoned for political offences, or, under the pretext of attending a funeral or a burling-match, they paraded, in military array, with banners and martial music."

The organization of the United Irishmen was complete—far more so than that of the Repeal Association of our own day. But then the former avowedly contemplated physical force, the latter professes to look to moral force alone:—

"The association consisted of a multitude of societies, linked closely together, and ascending in gradation, like the component parts of a pyramid or cone, to a common apex or point of union. At its first formation, the inferior societies extended to thirty-six members, but subsequently they were limited to twelve; when any candidates above the latter number presented themselves, after initiation, they were directed to form a fresh society for themselves—an artful and effective means of adding to the strength of the order by persuading men to become revolutionary proselytes, who might otherwise, from political indifference, have held back from joining the society. To each of these small lodges a secretary and treasurer were attached, and the five secretaries of five inferior lodges constituted what was termed a *lower baronial committee*.

"These lower baronial committees sent a member to a superior body called the *upper*. There were again, in counties and great towns, superior committees, composed of delegates from the upper baronial. These were termed *district* or *county committees*. From these latter, a few members were selected to form the *provincial directory*, to whose superintendence the societies of every gradation were confided. By these provincial committees, the *grand executive directory* was chosen. The members of this controlling body being limited to five, and the election secret and by ballot, the name of the person on whom the appointment fell was concealed, even from those who had elected him, and the provincial secretaries alone possessed a knowledge of the chosen few who exercised an arbitrary and uncontrolled authority over the whole body of the union.

"The military organization was engrafted on the civil, and was constituted in the following manner:—The secretary of each subordinate society, composed of twelve, was appointed their petty or non-commissioned officer. The delegate of five societies to a lower baronial committee was commonly appointed captain of a company, consisting of the five societies who had delegated him, and who made the number of sixty privates; and then the delegate of ten lower baronials to the upper or district committee was commonly appointed colonel of a battalion, which was thus composed of six hundred. The colonels of battalions in each county sent in the names of three persons to the executive directory of the union, one of whom was appointed by them adjutant-general of the county, whose duty it was to receive and communicate military orders from the executive to the

colonels of battalions, and in general to act as officer of the revolutionary staff. They were required to inform themselves of, and report the state of the rebel regiments within their respective districts, of the number of mills, the roads, rivers, bridges, and fords, the military positions, the capacity of the towns and villages to receive troops, to communicate to the executive every movement of the enemy (meaning the King's troops), to announce the first appearance of their allies (meaning the French), and immediately to collect their forces."

"Besides these, a military committee was specially appointed. Its labours were two-fold; one was to prepare a plan for a general insurrection unsupported by foreign aid;—the other, to devise the best means of co-operation with a French army, in the event of the promised descent being effected on the coast of Ireland. On this event the Directory calculated with such certainty in 1797, that a general order 'to be ready' was issued through the provincial committees. Those who had the means to obtain them, were exhorted to procure fire-arms and ammunition—pikes were to be provided by the lower orders—and throughout three provinces the order was promptly obeyed. The organization of Connaught was fortunately still imperfect, and at the outbreak of the insurrection, the western counties were, happily for themselves, quite unprepared for action."

The next chapter is devoted to the sketching of the leaders of this formidable confederacy, and the third relates the story of the first French attempt at invasion, in 1796. As neither of these are necessary to the outline which we propose to give of Mr. Maxwell's history as it proceeds, we pass them over and wait the appearance of the next number with some interest; the theme is undoubtedly a most attractive one, and we trust and believe that Mr. Maxwell will do justice to it.

We should add that this publication is illustrated with engravings, after the fashion of serials, which will, no doubt, be deemed a great attraction by many; but on such a theme we cannot look beyond the merits of the history, and we are almost sorry that the graver should at all appeal to us.

Old England. — Parts I. and II. London. Knight.

THE theory of much stronger impressions produced through the eyes than the ears has always been observed; but it has been reserved for the present age fully to apply this principle to the education of the young; and to no one is the public so much indebted for his exertions in this direction as to Mr. Knight. "Old England" is one of his most recent serial publications, and its design and execution are admirable. It represents, by groups of wood-cuts, every thing that can possibly interest in the social, domestic, and political state of old England. The Roman period is now concluded, and a more enticing and useful "picture book" does not exist. Moreover, few of those who have long ceased to be children can look at it without pleasure and improvement. Many of the illustrations have of course appeared in other publications, for otherwise it would be impossible that it could be sold at so cheap a rate. There is also a short running commentary, a kind of *precis* of the history. We recommend it most warmly to all—both young and old.

#### BIOGRAPHY.

*Memoirs of Admiral the Earl of St. Vincent.* By JEDEDIAH STEPHENS TUCKER, Esq. 2 vols. Bentley, 1843.

ON the 23rd of January, 1734-5, was born the second son of Swynfyn Jervis, a Staffordshire gentleman of honourable descent.

His parents designed the young Jervis for the law, with the usual folly of a father consulting rather his own whim than his child's tastes and capacities. But nature had framed the boy for the sea. The appointment of his father to the auditorship of Greenwich Hospital directed his thoughts to naval matters, and he ran away from his school for the purpose of adventuring on the ocean. Then his father prudently yielded, and procured for him a midshipman's berth. In 1755 he was commissioned a lieutenant; he took part in the expedition to Quebec in 1759, when Wolfe was killed, and of this gallant officer we have the following interesting anecdote:—

"On the night previous to the battle, after all the orders for the assault were given, Sir James Wolfe requested a private interview with his friend; at which, saying that he had the strongest presentiment that he should be killed in the fight of the morrow, but he was sure he should die on the field of glory, Sir James unbuttoned his waistcoat, and, taking from his bosom the miniature of a young lady, with whose heart his own 'blended,' he delivered it to Commander Jervis, entreating that, if the foreboding came to pass, he would himself return it to her on his arrival in England. Wolfe's pressages were too completely fulfilled, and Commander Jervis had the most painful duty of delivering the pledge to Miss Lowther."

In October, 1761, he was posted, and for six years was out of active service. In February, 1769, he commanded the *Alarm* frigate to the Mediterranean; and in the following March narrowly escaped shipwreck at Marseilles, the deliverance being entirely due to his own presence of mind and unconquerable energy.

He was next honoured with a command to convey the Duke of Gloucester on a tour of the Mediterranean. Returning to England, he was again put upon half-pay; but he was not therefore inactive. He availed himself of his leisure to visit the various arsenals and fortified coasts of Europe, and gathered a great deal of information which he afterwards turned to excellent account. In 1778 the *Foudroyant* was given him, and he was present at the battle off Ushant, of which he gave a detailed account in his evidence on the court-martial afterwards instituted by Sir Hugh Palliser.

In April, 1782, he commanded in an engagement with the *Pégase*, which he succeeded in taking after a gallant fight of three-quarters of an hour, without losing a man—one of those brilliant actions with which our naval annals teem. For this he was immediately presented with a red ribbon. The description of this fight is spirited:—

"The two ships were running at the rate of eleven knots, with the wind on the starboard quarter, the enemy being rather on the weather bow of the *Foudroyant*. When they were nearly within hail of each other, and before a gun had been fired, the officer on the *Foudroyant's* fore-castle called out, 'She has put her helm up to rake us, Sir.' On that, Captain Jervis's first impulse was, to put the *Foudroyant's* helm a-starboard, and deliver her broadside from her starboard guns; but it had already occurred to young Bowen that the contrary manœuvre would enable the *Foudroyant* to give the first fire, and, instead of being raked, to rake her opponent; and so forcibly did this strike the boy, that he could not help exclaiming, 'Then, if we put our helm to port, we shall rake her.' Captain Jervis immediately caught the idea, and, feeling the force of it, 'You are right, Bowen,' he said, conceding the credit to whom it was due; and giving his orders accordingly, thus commenced his action. As the enemy hauled up, Captain Jervis clewed up his mainsail, took in his studding-sails, and, passing under his opponent's stern at the distance of about twenty fathoms, continued his raking fire. It seemed that carnage threw the chase into confusion; for she then ran right before the wind, her sails and every thing being in the greatest disorder. Perceiving this, Captain Jervis determined on boarding, and laid the *Foudroyant* on the enemy's larboard side, a little abaft the mainmast. Headed by young Bowen, his boarders were soon in possession of the enemy's deck, struck her colours with cheers, and thus, at one A.M., the action, having lasted three-quarters of an hour, ceased."

Shortly afterwards he was raised to the rank of Admiral, and he was remarkable for the strictness of his discipline and the kindness of his heart. He was particularly zealous in a high-spirited endeavour to exalt humble merit, and many were the brave, but uninfluential men, whom he discovered pining in neglect, and gave them the advancement they deserved. The numerous anecdotes of this nature narrated in the Memoir will be read with pleasure by all who remember what our history tells us of the management of navy patronage in those days. Two instances of these we cite. He says, in a letter dated August, 1796,

"The persons who fill the vacancies of lieutenants occasioned by this measure, are Mr. John Davis and a young man of friendless merit, who was not so much as named by—either to the Captains Calder or Grey, although we have found him most deserving."

And again, in September of the same year,

"I have given an order to Mr. John Ellis to command, as a lieutenant, he being the son of a very old officer, Lieut. John Ellis, whom I knew very many years; and the young man coming very strongly recommended from the *Goliath*, Sir Charles Knowles having brought him up, I beg leave to place him under your lordship's protection as a child of the service."

The next remarkable event in his career was the battle of St. Vincent. For this achievement he was presented with the earldom.

The mutiny at the Nore, which threatened the very existence of the empire, called forth all the courage and prudence of the admiral, and it was to his resolute conduct that its suppression was mainly due. Such an example as this, at such a moment, must have been of infinite service. A mutineer of the *Marlborough* had been ordered for execution at the yard-arm, but the captain feared that the men would refuse to obey. He proceeded to the noble earl, to submit his doubts, and ask his advice. The scene that followed is thus narrated:—

"Receiving the captain on the *Ville de Paris* quarter-deck, before the officers and ship's company, hearkening in breathless silence to what passed, and standing with his hat in his hand over his head, as was his lordship's invariable custom during the whole time that any person, whatever were his rank, even a common seaman, addressed him on service, Lord St. Vincent listened very attentively till the captain ceased to speak; and then, after a pause, replied, 'What! do you mean to tell me, Captain Ellison, that you cannot command his Majesty's ship the *Marlborough*? for if that is the case, Sir, I will immediately send on board an officer who can.' The captain then requested that, at all events, the boats' crews from the rest of the fleet might, as had always been customary in the service on executions, attend at this also, to haul the man up, for he really did not expect the *Marlborough* would do it.' Lord St. Vincent sternly answered: 'Captain Ellison—you are an old officer, Sir—have served long—suffered severely in the service, and have lost an arm in action—and I should be very sorry that any advantage should be now taken of your advanced years. That man shall be hanged—at eight o'clock to-morrow morning—and by his own ship's company—for not a hand from any other ship in the fleet shall touch the rope. You will now return on board, Sir; and, lest you should not prove able to command your ship, an officer will be at hand to you who can.' Without another word Captain Ellison instantly retired. After he had reached his ship, he received orders to cause her guns to be housed and secured, and that at daylight in the morning her ports should be lowered. A general order then issued to the fleet for all launches to rendezvous under the *Prince* at seven o'clock the following morning, armed with carronades and 12 rounds of ammunition for service, each launch to be commanded by a lieutenant, having an expert and trusty gunner's mate and four quarter gunners, exclusive of the launch's crew; the whole to be under the command of Captain Campbell, of the *Blenheim*. The written orders to the captain will appear in their place. On presenting them, Lord St. Vincent said, 'he was to attend the execution, and if any symptoms of mutiny appeared in the *Marlborough*, any attempt to open her ports, or any resistance to the hanging of the prisoner, he was to proceed close, touching the ship, and to fire into her, and to continue his fire until all mutiny or resistance should cease; and that, should it become absolutely necessary, he should even sink the ship in face of the fleet. Accordingly, at seven the next morning, all the launches, thus armed, proceeded from the *Prince* to the *Blenheim*, and thence, Captain Campbell having assumed the command, to the *Marlborough*. Having lain on his oars a short time alongside, the captain then formed his force in a line athwart her bows, at rather less than pistol-shot distance off, and then he ordered the tompions to be taken out of the carronades, and to load. At half-past seven the hands throughout the fleet having been turned



up to witness punishment, the eyes of all bent upon a powerfully armed boat as it quitted the flag-ship, every one knowing that there went the provost-marshal, conducting his prisoner to the *Marlborough* for execution. The crisis was come: now was to be seen whether the *Marlborough's* crew would hang one of their own men. The ship being in the centre between the two lines of the fleet, the boat was soon alongside, and the man was speedily placed on the cathead and haltered. A few awful minutes of universal silence followed, which was at last broken by the watch-bells of the fleet striking eight o'clock. Instantly the flag-ship's gun fired, and at the sound the man was lifted well off; but then, and visibly to all, he dropped back again! and the sensation throughout the fleet was intense. For, at this dreadful moment, when the eyes of every man in every ship were straining upon this execution, as the decisive struggle between authority and mutiny, as if it were destined that the whole fleet should see the hesitating unwillingness of the *Marlborough's* crew to hang their rebel, and the efficacy of the means taken to enforce obedience, by an accident on board the ship the men at the yard-rope unintentionally let it slip, and the turn of the balance seemed calamitously lost. But then they hauled him up to the yard-arm with a run—the law was satisfied; and, said Lord St. Vincent at the moment, perhaps one of the greatest of his life, 'Discipline is preserved, Sir.'

We have not space within the compass of a review to follow St. Vincent through all the lesser glories of his career. In common with most of our commanders, he had continual differences with the Admiralty, who, seated within the walls of a cabinet, cannot possibly understand the practical difficulties felt by those who have to meet emergencies with restricted authority. Then the rivalries arising from the dispensation of patronage were an endless source of jealousy and discontent. Still he triumphed over most of them, and his name and opinion carried more weight than those of any other officer. He was intrusted successively with many duties, which shewed how much confidence was placed in his discretion; but in August, 1799, his impaired health compelled him to resign his command, and he returned to England, for the purpose of enjoying his laurels in retirement. In the following year he was prevailed upon to resume his duties, spite of the warnings of his doctors and the entreaties of his friends. He was placed in command of the Channel fleet, in which symptoms of insubordination had appeared. His severe discipline, however, rather increased than subdued the discontent. Officers and sailors alike exclaimed against the severity of the service exacted from them. His rule was sternly just, however; and this, in some measure, relieved its unpopularity. But the Government was obliged to recal him.

Shortly after his return he was, on the accession to power of Mr. Addington, appointed First Lord of the Admiralty, and it is impossible not to admire the noble spirit of independence which dictated the language he addressed to the King on this occasion:—

"Having expressed his duty and thanks to his Majesty for his condescension and favour, and having entreated that his Majesty would allow him to express his opinion freely upon a subject which he was most desirous to mention, and to which the King very readily assented, he said, 'that he should make but a bad return for all the honours and favours which his Majesty had most graciously bestowed upon him, and very ill discharge his duty, if he did not frankly and honestly tell his Majesty, that, having served nearly half a century with the Roman Catholics, and seen them tried in all situations, it was his decided and conscientious opinion, that they were entitled to be placed upon the same footing in every respect as his Majesty's Protestant subjects; that he had been informed that the retiring ministry had resigned upon that question, and that he could not accept office under such circumstances, without first stating to his Majesty, that upon his honour and upon his allegiance, he entirely agreed with them in opinion; that having now discharged his duty to his Majesty and to himself, he would also add, that his life and his utmost services were at his Majesty's disposal, and that he was

ready to return to the fleet, or to serve his Majesty on shore, or to retire into private life, as his Majesty might think proper to command; that the King listened very attentively to all he said, and when he had finished, that his Majesty replied:—'Lord St. Vincent, you have in this instance, as you have in every other, behaved like an honest, honourable man; upon the question of Catholic emancipation my mind is made up, from which I never will depart; and therefore, as it is not likely that it will be a matter agitated or discussed between us, I can see no reason why you should not take the Admiralty, where I very much wish to see you, and to place the navy entirely in your hands.'"

In this office he applied himself diligently to the carrying out of various reforms in the management of the navy, which experience had shewn to be necessary, and which his love of justice prompted him to thrust forward in spite of the interests arrayed against them. He was the author of the famous Commission for Inquiring into the State of the Navy, to whose labours the service is mainly indebted for the many beneficial changes which were immediately adopted, and have been continued to the present time, and are even yet in progress.

He resigned with the ministry in May, 1804, but on the return of the Whigs to power, two years afterwards, he once more took the command of the Channel fleet, which he quitted in 1807, when the Cabinet was again changed. We have extracted his interview with the King on taking office; as a worthy sequel to it we present Mr. Tucker's narrative of the scene that occurred on his resigning it:—

"Almost immediately after the flag was struck for the last time, the King commanded the presence of his great Admiral at a private audience. After homage had been paid to Majesty, George III. expressed deep regrets that his officer would not continue in command of his Channel fleet; to which Lord St. Vincent replied, 'Sire, my life ever has been, and ever will be, at your Majesty's disposal, but I am the guardian of my own honour, and I could not place it in the hands of your Majesty's present ministers.' The King, at first, appeared rather displeased; but then, in the most gracious manner, said, 'Well, Lord St. Vincent, you have now quitted active service, as you say, for ever—tell me, do you think the naval service is better or worse than when you first entered it?' Lord St. Vincent—'Very much worse, may it please your Majesty.' The King, very quickly—'How so! how so?' Lord St. Vincent—'Sire, I have always thought that a sprinkling of nobility was very desirable in the navy, as it gives some sort of consequence to the service; but at present the navy is so overrun by the younger branches of nobility, and the sons of members of Parliament, and they so swallow up all the patronage, and so choke the channel to promotion, that the son of an old officer, however meritorious both their services may have been, has little or no chance of getting on.' The King—'Pray, who was serving Captain of the fleet under your lordship?' Lord St. Vincent—'Rear-Admiral Osborne, Sire, the son of an old officer.' The King—'Osborne, Osborne! I think there are more than one of that name admirals.' Lord St. Vincent—'Yes, sire, there are three brothers, all admirals.' The King—'That's pretty well for democracy, I think.' Lord St. Vincent—'Sire, the father of those officers served twenty years as first-lieutenant, with my dear friend Admiral Barrington, who had never sufficient interest to get him beyond the rank of commander. He was, of necessity, obliged to send all his sons to sea, and, to my own knowledge, they never had anything more than their pay to live on; nevertheless, they always appeared as gentlemen; they were self-educated, and they got on in the service upon the strength of their own merits alone; and, Sire, I hope your Majesty will pardon me for saying, I would rather promote the son of an old deserving officer than of any noble in the land.' The King mused for a minute or two, and then said, 'I think you're right, Lord St. Vincent, quite right.'"

He retired into private life, and never resumed office or command. The evening of his days was spent in tranquillity, and his death-bed was characteristic of the man:—

"On the afternoon Dr. Baird and Mr. Tucker returned. They found that, after passing a still

more restless night, his lordship was gone to his bed, and was in the most alarming state. But even now, while he lay in intensest sufferings, and while the hand of Death was all but on him, still quite alive to all the passing events of the day, the ardour which he exhibited for freedom was as strong as ever. He positively would be informed of all that was going on in Greece. His zeal in the cause of the liberty of Spain seemed increased. The newspapers, as usual, were all read to him. It was perfectly evident that he listened to every sentence with undiminished attention. At the conclusion of M. Manuel's speech, he said he was 'a fine manly fellow; afterwards, that the French gendarme who refused to execute the 'outrageously illegal order' to arrest that dauntless deputy, 'had behaved like a noble fellow.' His lordship then dozed a little; when he awoke, and said, 'What a convulsed state the world is in!' He then inquired 'where the Duke of Lorenzo,' who, it will be remembered, was sent to England to represent the Constitutional Government, 'was lodged?' and when told, at the Spanish ambassador's, and that the British populace had testified their good wishes for the Spanish cause, by marks of respect to the former, and of a contrary feeling to the latter, it caused him for a moment to forget his pain and his sufferings, and his countenance brightened up for the last time. The radiance was but transient; yet it was enough to show what a soul he had for freedom, and that his mighty spirit was only setting, but was not enfeebled. After that, he lay in silent exhaustion for two hours, during which the bystanders of his bed were, his old Captain, Sir George Grey, the affectionate Dr. Baird, and the heart-broken secretary; the witnesses of his greatest energies; objects of his uninterrupted countenance and kindness. About half-past eight, his extremities were noticed to have become cold and clammy; exertion in breathing then gradually increased to a labour beyond his strength; and, at last, without a sigh or a groan, but with merely an effort similar to a suppressed sneeze, he expired."

Such is a brief outline of the career of one of the most distinguished of our naval heroes. Mr. Tucker has, upon the whole, done justice to his subject. He has collected his facts with industry and accuracy, and presented them in an agreeable style of composition, which, if it never rises to the dignity of history, never descends to the insipidity of gossip. We can recommend these volumes both to the book-club and to the circulating library, as of the few that will reward perusal.

We subjoin some anecdotes culled at random.

The following is one of the best specimens we have ever seen of the pithy composition of sailors. It surpasses the laconics of the Duke of Wellington. It is a correspondence between St. Vincent and Admiral Cornwallis, on the occasion of the latter succeeding the former in command. The compliment is a very gem.

"*Ville de Paris*, before Brest, March, 1801.

"My Lord,—The French fleet shows a disposition to put to sea; I apprehend they know that your lordship has quitted the station. I have the honour to be,

WILLIAM CORNWALLIS."

Admiralty, April 2, 1801.

"My dear Admiral,—The French know, and have experienced too much of your character, to risk theirs by facing you, in preference to

"Your sincere friend,

"ST. VINCENT."

We like the plain-spoken honesty of this complaint, addressed to the Admiralty.

"My dear Nepean,—We are literally without a fathom of rope, yard of canvas, foot of oak or elm plank, board or log, to saw them out of; we have not a bit of iron but what we draw out of condemned masts and yards, nor the smallest piece of fir plank, board or quarter stuff, but what they produce; and the last large stick was wrought into a topmast for the *Thalia* yesterday. Add to this, that three-fourths of the ships under my command are so much out of repair and shaken, that, were they in England, no one would go to sea in them—and you will feel for your friend.

"ST. VINCENT."

St. Vincent excelled in his manner of rewarding the deserving. Here is an instance:—

"The signal being made to the *Zebra*, for her captain; when he was seen approaching in his boat, Sir John ordered the *Boyne's* hands to be turned up, assembled all her officers, and placing himself at their head, he greeted the hero, at his first step on the *Boyne's* quarter-deck, with a commission promoting him to Post rank, addressing him, 'Captain Faulknor, by your daring courage this day, a French frigate has fallen into our hands. I have ordered her to be taken into our service; and here is your commission to command her, in which I have named her after yourself, Sir, *The Undaunted*.'"

We have already presented a specimen of his daring courage, when the mutiny at the *Nore* threatened the existence of the country. He had been blamed for causing some of the mutineers to be executed on a Sunday. He thus justifies himself:—

"TO EARL SPENCER.

"My Lord,—The court-martial on the mutineers of the *St. George* did not finish before sunset yesterday, or they would have been executed last night. The most daring and profligate of them confessed to the clergyman who attended him, that the plan had been in contemplation six months, in concert with the *Britannia*, *Captain*, *Diadem*, and *Egmont*; the latter is so highly disciplined and commanded that it would not have succeeded there. Had — continued in the *Britannia*, her myrmidons would have gone the whole length. All the prisoners disavowed any correspondence with the ships in England. I hope I shall not be censured by the bench of bishops, as I have been by Vice-Admiral —, for profaning the Sabbath: the criminals asked five days to prepare, in which they would have hatched five hundred treasons; besides that we are provoking the Spanish fleet to come out by every means in our power; and seven-and-twenty gun and mortar boats did actually advance, dastardly enough it must be confessed, and cannonaded the advanced squadron, now composed of ten sail-of-the-line, on seeing twenty barges and pinnaces go to attend the execution of the sentence. I have the honour to be, &c. ST. VINCENT."

These are the men to whom England is indebted for her greatness as a naval power. May she long continue to have such servants, and to reward them with equal liberality.

*A Memoir of the Life and Writings of the late William Taylor, of Norwich*, Author of "English Synonyms Discriminated," "An Historic Survey of German Poetry," &c., &c. Containing his Correspondence of many years with the late Robert Southey, Esq., and Original Letters from Sir Walter Scott, and other eminent literary men. Compiled and edited by J. W. Robberds, F.G.S. In 2 vols. Murray.

WILLIAM TAYLOR, of Norwich, was one of those men whose importance is *ex-trinsic* rather than *in-trinsic*. He shone by reflected light, and the fame of the friends by whom he was surrounded became a portion of his inheritance and gave lustre to a name which, had it stood alone, would have enjoyed little more than a provincial celebrity.

And such as was the man, so is the memoir. Abounding in interest it is unquestionably; but that interest proceeds not from the sayings, doings, or writings of the hero, so much as from the anecdotes and correspondence of those mightier minds with whom he delighted to associate, and by whom he was both loved and respected. If, therefore, there was nothing very remarkable in his genius, we may conclude that his social qualities were most attractive, and regard with affection the man, if we cannot altogether venerate the author.

WILLIAM TAYLOR was, indeed, rather a man of knowledge than a man of genius, or of talent. He was an indefatigable reader, had a good memory for what he read, and could reproduce the ideas transferred to his mind from books with facility, and even with elegance. But this was the extent of his capacities: he was wanting in originality. Amid the multitudinous pourings of his unwearied pen, it is difficult to discover a new thought; nor is there a sentence which has passed into men's minds, and become a part of the national language. He has left no impress upon his age, nor will he be remembered by any save the Biographical Dictionaries and the bibliopoles of the next generation.

Yet in his vocation did WILLIAM TAYLOR good service to literature. To him we are indebted for the introduction into this country of a knowledge of the literature of Germany. His translations of GOETHE's *Iphigenia in Tauris*, of BURGER's *Lenore*, of the collection of stories called *Tales of Yore*, and of LESSING's *Nathan the Wise*, first contributed to make generally known to his countrymen the existence of a literature rich beyond compare in the loftiest productions of the intellect; and the curiosity thus excited he further stimulated by a series of articles in the periodicals, written with the enthusiastic devotion to his theme by which a man never fails to attract attention, and which he subsequently collected, arranged in a continuous form, and reproduced in a work entitled *An Historic Survey of German Poetry*.

The noteworthy incidents in the career of WILLIAM TAYLOR are necessarily few, for his life, though a busy, was a retired one. He was eminently a man of the study and of the dinner-table: industriously toiling through the morning in the one, and emerging from it to enliven the brilliant circle he generally contrived to gather round the other. But let it not be supposed that he was given to sensual excesses; his was strictly "the feast of reason and the flow of soul." A dinner-table is the only English assembly that deserves the name of *society*: it is there only that the best people are to be found; and, knowing this, WILLIAM TAYLOR encouraged it by his presence and example.

He was born at Norwich, in the year 1765, his father being a wealthy manufacturer, and the same pursuit was by parental care allotted to him. No expense was spared in his education, and at the early age of fourteen he was sent upon a continental tour under the care of the foreign clerk of "the house." His letters from the various places he visited are given in the memoir, and certainly exhibit very remarkable powers of perception and of reflection for one so young. In January, 1781, he returned to Norwich, master of a greatly extended stock of ideas, and of the languages of France and Italy. In the following May, he went to Detmold, in Westphalia, under the tuition of a clergyman, the purpose being to obtain an intimate knowledge of the German language also. When he had conquered the first difficulties of its pronunciation and the first aversion to its seeming uncouthness, and had begun to comprehend the structure of the dialect, he felt a deep interest in the study, and pursued it with an avidity which in a short time enabled him to master it sufficiently to enjoy what Mr. Robberds truly terms "the copiousness of its resources, with its flexible adaptation to every sensible or abstract idea, and its unborrowed dignity and self-derived force of expression." While there, he made an observant tour through the north of Europe, and was nearly shipwrecked on the coast of Norway. In November, 1782, he returned to Norwich, which he scarcely quitted again during the rest of his long life.

In compliance with the anxious wishes of his father, the young scholar betook himself to the business, but with evident unwillingness. His gradual secession from its toils and anxieties may be traced year by year, as he devoted himself more and more to the literary pursuits upon which his mind was bent. Ultimately, he succeeded in persuading his father to retire upon the fortune he had accumulated, and the son, desiring no more, retired also.

Thenceforth he dedicated himself to his books and pen: he mastered the Spanish language, he read diligently the literature of Germany, nor did he neglect that of his own country. In common with all the better minds of the time, he was borne along by the first fury of the French revolution, glorying in what he believed to be the emancipation of mind from subjection to physical force; he took an active part in the formation of the Norwich Revolution Society; visited Paris, in 1790, to congratulate the republicans there upon their success, and returning with his zeal damped by what he had seen of revolution in practice, encouraged clubs and debating societies of a milder temperament than that of which he had been the acting secretary.

At this period he commenced his translations from the German, which for some time he hesitated to commit to the press. Even when he had ventured upon this step he did not proceed to publication, but copies were privately circulated among his friends, and the approbation with which they were received by those to whom they were thus introduced

ultimately determined him to submit them to the world.

About the same time commenced the connection with the *Reviews* which continued to the close of his life. In 1793, he was introduced to the Editor of the *Monthly Review*, then the leading literary journal, and so well were his articles on German literature received by the public of that day, that his contributions were eagerly sought by the journalists, and for full thirty years the productions of his pen are to be found in the most respectable periodicals. One of his enterprises was the starting of a Liberal paper, against the two established Tory ones, in his native city, and which he edited gratuitously until it grew strong enough to live without his aid.

But though the TAYLORS had retired from the risks of business, they did not escape the accidents of fortune. They exercised a large hospitality, amounting almost to extravagance. Their monies were not invested with due prudence. Some American debtors refused payment, and an agent at Lloyd's failed with a considerable deposit in his hands. These losses were not very serious, but sufficient to occasion great uneasiness, and they removed to a small house, and brought their expenses within more prudent limits. Afflictions are proverbially reported to travel in troops; so with WILLIAM TAYLOR. Soon after this catastrophe and removal, his mother died, to whom he was fondly attached; friends forsook him, as usual, when there were unpleasant rumours about his changed circumstances; and as they could not avow the true cause, they assigned as their reason a suspicion of infidelity and a charge of drunkenness; the latter, however, being distinctly denied by those who knew him best. The infirmities of age came stealing upon him; gout attacked him; he grew fretful and peevish; his mental faculties began to fade, and at the age of sixty he ceased to write. The remainder of the story shall be told in Mr. ROBBERDS's words.

"From this time the health of William Taylor rapidly declined; not only his bodily strength, but his mental powers also appeared to droop; and the few remaining years of his life present little more than a melancholy blank. His animating conversation, his stimulating eloquence, had passed away; and he who was wont to entertain and instruct circles of admiring friends, would sit for hours absorbed in a dull lethargic silence, even amid the discussion of topics that would once have aroused his inmost soul to pour forth its richest stores. The first striking manifestation of incipient imbecility took place at a meeting of the members of the Public Library, in the month of September, 1833, at which he had announced his intention of moving a new law. When called upon to state his proposition, to the surprise and grief of those who had been accustomed to the brilliant fluency of his discourse, he could scarcely utter a connected sentence; but, after a few disjointed, faltering remarks, he abruptly moved his resolution and sat down. The effect upon the meeting was truly painful; and the member who rose to oppose the motion was so much overpowered by the general feeling which pervaded all present, that he could scarcely command sufficient self-possession to perform his part.

"A short time after this occurrence, William Taylor thus alluded to it when writing to a friend in London:—

"To my ever-dearest Barron say, if you please, that I miss him more than I regret him; that I acquiesce in his retreat from Norwich, because I could ill brook his observation of my increasing debility of mind, which has been going on all this summer, although its first public disclosure took place in the Public Library Room on the 5th of September."

In March, 1836, he died. He was never married. He had early resolved to live a single life, and he steadfastly adhered to his resolution.

We have already observed that the most valuable portion of these volumes is the correspondence, especially that with SOUTHEY, who, though widely differing from him in political and religious views, remained steadfastly his friend to the last. There is not in our literature a more pleasing specimen of epistolary composition than the letters which passed between them during the long period of their intimacy, and for these alone the work will amply repay perusal, and will be an acquisition to the book-club.

But it has other merits. MR. ROBBERDS has performed his labour of love with good taste and admirable judgment. His style is clear and vigorous, and he shuns that besetting sin of biographers, the indiscriminate language of eulogy, whenever they name their subject, which compels a tedious repetition of the same phrases. His estimate of the



character of TAYLOR is more calm and impartial than we are wont to look for in works of this class, and he exhibits throughout a spirit of fair-dealing with everybody and every thing he has occasion to notice, which leads us to form a very high estimate of the personal as well as of the intellectual character of the biographer, whom we shall be glad to welcome again into the ranks of authorship.

We have deemed it best not to break the narrative by extracts, but to string together at the close of our necessarily brief notice a few passages which have particularly struck us, and which will not only illustrate the comments we have made above, but which are in themselves very interesting, and worthy of preservation among the Beauties of Literature, of which it is the purpose of THE CRITIC to supply a series that shall have more than a mere temporary interest and value.

An excellent lesson of industry is taught in this description of the manner in which TAYLOR occupied his time:—

"The performance of these tasks was the result of a most methodical distribution of his time. He rose early, and his studies usually engaged his undivided attention till noon; when it was his almost daily practice at all seasons to bathe in the river, at a subscription bath-house constructed on the bank of the stream, near its entrance into the city. After this, he invariably exercised himself by walking; for which purpose he always selected a road on the western side of Norwich, leading to the bridge over the Wensum, at Hellesdon. For a public thoroughfare in the vicinity of a large population, this was a comparatively unfrequented and retired way: it passed through a quiet rural district, affording agreeable prospects over the narrow valley, where the bright river winds through a lawn of meadows, bounded on the south by the hamlet of Heigham, and on the north by a range of bolder slopes, on which the village of Hellesdon is situated: at one end the view is closed by distant glimpses of the city, surmounted by its ancient castle, and at the other the dark line of Costessy woods skirts the horizon. On this road he was seen almost every day for many years between the hours of one and three. Professing to be no admirer of natural scenery, and to take his chief delight in 'towered cities and the busy hum of men,' he was once asked why he always made choice of so secluded and solitary a walk. The quiet reason which he assigned for his preference was, that on this road no fit of indolence could at any time shorten his allotted term of exercise, as there were no means of crossing the river at any nearer point, and he was therefore compelled to go round by the bridge, which was about three miles distant from his residence in Surrey-street. Indeed, it must be owned that he never seemed to regard the objects around him, but pursued his course in deep mental abstraction, conversing the while most animatedly with himself. There was something singular too in his appearance: his dress was a complete suit of brown, with silk stockings of the same colour: in this Quaker-like attire, with a full cambric frill protruding from his waistcoat, and armed with a most capacious umbrella in defiance of the storm, 'muttering his wayward fancies he would rove,' and fixed the astonished gaze and curious attention of the passengers whom he met. Sometimes he extended his walk to the adjacent village of Drayton, where on a gentle eminence stood the mouldering walls of an ancient structure, on whose origin even tradition has no fable, and which is now only known by the name of Drayton Lodge. \* \* \* \* \*

"From these rambles he always returned punctually at three o'clock, and devoted the remainder of the day to the pleasures of society. He rarely dined alone; either entertaining a small company at his own table, or 'sharing the feast' at that of one of his friends. His conversational powers were now in their fullest vigour: the diffidence of youth was past, and the prolixity of age was not come on; no pedantic attempts at studied eloquence dimmed or deflected their brightness; their course was free and natural, their flow lively and sparkling, and the motes of fancy that fluttered in the beam threw a prismatic halo round the sober form on which learning directed the light to fall.

"These qualities made him everywhere an acceptable companion, and aided his generous hospitality and love of social intercourse to awaken corresponding dispositions in others. Beside his almost daily dinner-engagements, there were various clubs and societies which he regularly attended."

#### SOUTHEY ON GODWIN.

"This puts me upon making my defence about Godwin. I do not call him 'a dim-eyed son of blasphemy,' as Coleridge did in his days of intolerant Unitarianism—he may blaspheme and wear spectacles in peace for me: but when such a man says, 'Take my word for it, there is nothing at all in William Taylor,' I certainly do take his word for it that he believes what he says, and is a blockhead for his pains. And the private anger that such a circumstance excited, added to that produced by his weathercock in-

stability of opinion, and the odium which it brought upon the best principles, and the best cause, and the want of all feeling in stripping his dead wife naked, as he did, and such a wife, and taking such another home, when the picture of *that first hung up over his fireplace*,—indeed, indeed, my flesh is not made of such Quaker-fibre, nor my blood of such toad-temperature, as not to be irritated by these recollections. You know how much I hope for the human race; but you do not know how deeply that hope is rooted, and how it leavens all my feelings and opinions. To see, then, two such men as Godwin and Malthus come to such an issue upon such a question, did make me feel bitter anger and bitter contempt; and, notwithstanding even your dissatisfaction, I cannot wish one syllable that expresses or enhances such sentiments were cancelled."

Much reproach has been cast upon SOUTHEY, for his change of party when place was offered him. He appears to have been sensible that he was not quite free from offence. He thus indignantly speaks of the contrast in the bearing of the public towards

#### THE OFFICIAL AND THE POET.

"I have been a week in town, and in that time have learnt something. The civilities which already have been shewn me discover how much I have been abhorred for all that is valuable in my nature: such civilities excite more contempt than anger, but they make me think more despicably of the world than I would wish to do. As if this were a baptism that purified me of all sins—a regeneration; and the one congratulates me, and the other visits me, as if the author of 'Joan of Arc' and of 'Thalaba' were made a great man by scribbling for the Irish Chancellor of the Exchequer."

#### TAYLOR thus describes

##### PARIS AFTER THE REVOLUTION.

"The French seem to love what we call standing in hot water, and seem able to bear it longer than any other people. All Paris is still in a ferment. The last sound which dies away upon the sleepy ear is the rattle of the patriot drums, and the first murmur which disturbs our rest is the martial music of the national militia. Every morning they are marched, exercised, and reviewed, each division in its turn: every evening they parade the streets with ostentatious bustle. They guard every palace, and are stationed in every play-house. It is like living in a citadel besieged. In every street you are surrounded by hawkers of pamphlets with terrific titles, and every hour is startled with some new tale of terror. I have already thrown away many a sol for these whole sheets and half sheets, these hand bills and pamphlets; but I find them in general trifling in matter, though declamatory and lofty in language. All tend to accuse the aristocrats of little or great treasons, to blacken their schemes or their persons, and to protract as much as possible a change which is certainly begun in the minds of the people, from hate of an oppressive nobility, to pity for a vanquished foe. The clergy seem to fall unpitied even by their allies; of all the obnoxious titles by which the enemies of the new government are known, that of the priest-ridden party, or *parti des Capucins*, seems to tease them most."

##### SOUTHEY'S description of Jeffrey is amusing:—

"I have been at Edinburgh, and there seen Jeffrey. When he was invited to meet me, he very properly sent me the sheets, that I might see him or not, according to my own feelings; this was what he could not well avoid, but it was not the less gentlemanlike. I met him in good-humour, being, by God's blessing, of a happy temper. Having seen him, it were impossible to be angry with any thing so diminutive. We talked about the question of taste on which we are at issue. He is a mere child upon that subject; I never met with a man whom it was so easy to checkmate."

A few passages from the Southey correspondence will be read with interest:—

##### SALE OF MADOC.

"You shall have a fuller and quieter letter when I reach home. 'Madoc' is doing well in all but in the sale. If you do not know the current value of epic poetry at the present time, I can help you to a pretty just estimate. My profits upon this poem, in the course of twelve months, amount precisely to three pounds seventeen shillings and one penny. In the same space of time Walter Scott has sold 4,500 copies of his 'Lay,' and netted, of course, above a thousand pounds."

##### GEORGE ELLIS.

"George Ellis dined at Longman's, to meet me for the first time. I liked him less than I expected, and yet my expectation was not very high: a little too much of the air of high life, a little too much of the conversationist, eyes too small, a face too long, and something in his manners which shewed, or seemed to shew, that it was a condescension in him to be a man of letters. This opinion may be uncharitably formed; and it is very likely that, with my inside full of fog and phlegm, as it then was, I may have seen

him unfairly through a misty atmosphere; but there is certainly that something about him which would always make me greet a man with a distant bend of the body, and a smile that lay no deeper than the muscles which fashioned it, instead of a glad eye and a ready shake of the hand. You are right in what you say about the preference of talents to integrity; but there must be a certain quantity of right thinking and good feeling about a man, and manifestly about him, to make his society desirable."

##### SOUTHEY ON THE LAUGHING GAS.

"Davey is an extraordinary young man, and much may be expected from him. You will see by his poems (they are signed D.) germs of genius and powers likely to lead their possessor to eminence, however directed. They were written when he was very young—indeed, he is now but just one-and-twenty. You have probably heard from Burnet an account of his most wonderful discovery, the wonder working gaseous oxide of azote; for it is not yet christened, and the old name must be used. I am affected by a smaller quantity than any person who has yet taken it. It produces first, in me, an involuntary and idiotic laughter, highly pleasurable and ridiculous; immediately a warmth and a fullness flow from my head through every limb, and my finger and toe-tips tingle, and my teeth seem to vibrate with delight. The last symptom is a feeling of strength, and an impulse to exert every muscle. For the remainder of the day it left me with increased vigour, and with my hearing, taste, and smell certainly more acute. I conceive this gas to be the atmosphere of Mohammed's Paradise."

##### SOUTHEY'S PENSION.

"When the late Ministry saw that out they must go, \* \* \* thought of saving something for me out of the fire; he could only get an offer of a place in the island of St. Lucie, worth about 600*l.* a year. There was no time to receive my answer; but he divined it rightly, and refused. Instead, one of Lord G.'s last acts was to give me a pension of 200*l.*, to which the King 'graciously assented.' You cannot be more amused at finding me a pensioner than I am at finding myself so. I am not, however, a richer man than before. Hitherto \* \* \* has given me an annuity of 160*l.*, which I felt no pain in accepting from the oldest friend I have in the world, with whom my intimacy was formed before we were either of us old enough to think of differences of rank and fortune. But \* \* \* is not a rich man for his rank; so little so, that he could not marry till he got a place; and of course I shall receive this no longer from him now that it is no longer necessary. Of 200*l.* the taxes have the modesty to deduct 56*l.*, and the Exchequer pays irregularly; he is in luck who has only one quarter in arrears, so B \* \* tells me, who has an office there. I therefore lose 16*l.* per year during war, and gain 4*l.* whenever the income-tax is repealed, having the discomfort always of uncertain remittances."

In conclusion, we will take some interesting extracts from the letters and essays of TAYLOR:—

##### DR. PARR AND SIR J. MACKINTOSH.

"Dr. Parr and Mackintosh have been in Norwich—

'Ceu duo nubigenae, quum vertice montis ab alto  
Descendunt Centauri.'

They are both very dazzling men. One scarcely knows whether to admire most the oracular significance and compact rotundity of the single sentences of Parr, or the easy flow and glittering expansion of the unwearying and unwearying eloquence of Mackintosh. Parr's far-darting hyperboles and gorgeous tropes array the fragments of his conversation in the grandest trim. Mackintosh's cohesion of ideas and clearness of intellect give to his sweeps of discussion a more instructive importance. Parr has the manners of a pedant, Mackintosh of a gentleman. Of course, people in general look up to Parr with awe, and feel esteem for him rather than love, while Mackintosh conciliates and fascinates. In this feeling I do not coincide with others wholly. There is a loveliness of heart about Parr, a susceptibility of the affections, which would endear him even without his Greek. But admiration is, if I mistake not, yet more gratifying to Mackintosh than attachment; to personal partialities he inclines less. His opinions are sensibly aristocratized since the publication of his 'Vindice;' but they retain a grandeur of outline, and are approaching the manner of the constitutional school. Mackintosh's memory is well stored with fine passages, Latin and English, which he repeats, and his taste in poetry inclines to metrical philosophy rather than pathos or fancy. Milton, Dryden, and Pope have alone sufficient good sense to please him. Virgil he overrates, I think, and Cicero too. Style and again style is the topic of his praise. Careless writing, redolent of mind, is better than all the varnish of composition, merely artful. I was surprised to find him agree with the French in thinking Bossuet very eloquent; and still more so at his rating so very high the panegyric mysticism of Bishop Jeremy Taylor. There are indeed exquisite, more than platonically beautiful passages, but they are scattered thinly, like the apparitions of angels in pious story."

## THE REAL LAMP OF ALADDIN.

"The real lamp of Aladdin is that on the merchant's desk. All the genies, white, olive, or black, who people the atmosphere of earth, it puts in motion at the antipodes. It builds palaces in the wilderness and cities in the forest, and collects every splendour and every refinement of luxury from the fingers of subservient toil. Kings of the East are slaves of the lamp; the winds blow and the seas roll only to work the behest of its owner."

## FRANKLIN'S WORKS.

"The writings of Dr. Franklin are justly admired for a plain popularity of style, for the distinct picturesque character of idea, for humorous Socratic irony, and for the art of arguing to the selfishness; the reader is constantly put in mind of the use that will accrue to him, and such as him, from the adoption of Dr. Franklin's premises. Even a question of science is never handled as a question of curiosity, where to evolve the truth is the disinterested end in view; it must be hooked to some petty, practical purpose of private accommodation before it is held worthy of being investigated. This concatenation of the *cui bono* to every footstep is a clog to excellence; it illiberalizes science; but it seems to be the characteristic of American philosophy. The national foible is readily forgotten in Dr. Franklin when his vast efficacy is contemplated: history will class him among her great men—among the strong minds employed in directing important events. He had, perhaps, more of craft than of boldness, more of prudence than of magnanimity; but he attained his ends without harshness or waste of effort; he early saw the scope of his pursuit, and proceeded towards it, step by step, with a singleness of purpose and an undeviating perseverance that rarely accompany a comprehensive mind. Indeed Dr. Franklin's range of attention and idea was but narrow. The classical, poetical, and elegant writers had employed little of his leisure. The moral sublime, the heroic delineations of the muse, seldom tinged his sentiments or actions; nor had the luxuries and refinements of social life attraction enough to encroach much on his habits of snug sufficiency. He allowed himself time to think and time to say but little; that little was always hitting; and what especially will consecrate his memory to the grateful veneration and growing applause of the remotest posterity is, that he belonged among those worthies who have assisted the people to obtain liberty, and not among those cringings who have assisted sovereigns to extend their power."

*The Life and Times of the Good Lord Cobham.*

By T. GASPEY, author of "The Lollards," &c. &c. 2 vols. London, 1844. H. Cunningham.

WE have long been of opinion that due justice has never yet been done to the inferior actors, whose labours and sufferings contributed far more to the success of the Reformation than it is the fashion to admit. Far too prevalent a notion is it, that the whims and wickedness of Henry the Eighth, backed by the avarice of his courtiers, effected those changes in the established religion of the country, and that they had the power both to hasten and stay the progress of truth, according to the caprice of the moment. This is the impression to be gathered from the narration of Hume. And no wonder; for, to his cold, sceptical mind, the disputes between any rival parties in matters of faith and religion were but as the fabled battles of the frogs and mice; and he was as unable to appreciate them as he was unwilling to attribute any action to the higher and nobler motives which influence mankind, when he could explain it by a lower and meaner. Romanist historians are also incapacitated by party feeling from taking the proper view of the subject. But proofs of the extent of the dissatisfaction felt by the people with the lives and doctrines of the Romanist clergy, and of the eagerness with which they welcomed the sounds of a truer faith, lie abundantly beneath the surface of the history of that period. Henry the Eighth was, in fact, little more than the director of the movement, and even that but for a time. Witness his bitter complaint in his last speech, that, in spite of his proclamations, "the word of God was disputed, rhymed, sung, and jingled in every alehouse and tavern;" a clear acknowledgment that the minds of the people were tired up, and that they thought for themselves. It would be strange if this had not been so. In Scotland the people were the main agents; in Ireland the people remained firm to their old faith, and nothing was effected for want of their assistance. Why, then, is England supposed to be an exception?

A due consideration of the wonderful success of Wiclif's preaching during a period of twenty-six years, and the natural vitality of opinions essentially true, and imbibed as those of the "Gospellers" were; and further, the recollection of

the support these opinions received from the national hatred of a foreign yoke, in spiritual things as well as temporal, would have excited greater inquiry into the part taken by the middle and lower classes in the great struggle of the sixteenth century. Nearly half of the English nation, says Knyghton, one of his cotemporaries, embraced the doctrines of Wiclif, and the strenuous exertions made by the clergy to put down the Lollards, by the strong arm of persecution, prove their numbers and importance. "The Life and Times of Lord Cobham," therefore, afford a noble field for historical inquiry. But it demands high qualifications in him who would undertake it, and such Mr. Gaspey certainly does not possess. Having strung together, without any clear notion of their relative importance, a few isolated illustrations of the period, and interwoven them in an unconnected and artificial manner with the narrative of the life of Lord Cobham, and taken little or no trouble to develop the opinions, religious or political, of the Lollards, he believes, or wishes the public to believe, that his book will give them a clear conception of this important period. So far from adding to our knowledge by independent inquiries, he has abstained from those which it was the first duty of a biographer of Lord Cobham to consider. He has admitted, without examination, the charge brought against him of having been a profligate boon companion of Henry the Fifth when Prince of Wales, although it rests on little else than the name of Sir John Oldcastle having been given to a character in the old play of the "Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth." Chronology was strongly against this charge. When Henry came to the throne, in 1413, he was but 23 years old, and Lord Cobham was at that time about fifty years of age, and had long been distinguished for his support of the Lollards, and his high character. The extent of the author's research may be judged of by his confessed ignorance of the grounds on which it has been assumed that the "Famous Victories" had been produced before Shakspeare's time. They are these:—Tarleton, the famous comic actor, who played the clown in it, died in 1588; it was entered in the Stationers' books in 1594, and performed by Henslowe's company in 1595.

In the account of his capture in Wales, Mr. Gaspey repeats the apparently contradictory reports of Sir Edward Charlton and Earl Powis having been the captors. But a letter published by Sir Henry Ellis some years back (*Orig. Let. 2nd ser. vol. 1, p. 87*) has cleared up this difficulty, by shewing that Sir Edward Charlton was the same person as Earl Powis. This is a slight matter, perhaps; but accuracy is required in a biographer. We observe, too, with surprise, that in his second volume he actually confuses Sir John Oldcastle with John Baron Cobham, who, in 1388, was, with twelve others, Bishop Arundel among the number, appointed commissioners to regulate the affairs of the kingdom.

We can, however, present to our readers some interesting passages which occur in these volumes; for it is impossible that the record of the words and actions of the first man of high rank and station who died for his faith—one of

"Those harbingers of good whom bitter hate  
In vain endeavoured to exterminate"—

can be otherwise than dear to all true English hearts.

Lord Cobham was far too zealous a supporter of "suspected preachers"—too earnest and energetic in the spread of the light of knowledge—to escape the hatred of the clergy, who had been roused by the repeated propositions of the Commons to seize their temporalities, to a sense of the prevalence of the "Gospellers." As usual throughout the middle ages, the clergy were wise in their generation. They availed themselves of the flimsy shadow of right upon which the crown was then enjoyed; and, by rendering hearty support to Henry the Fourth and his son, were able to demand assistance for the support of their own less tenable claims.

Lord Cobham was accused of heresy, and having nobly refused to listen to the suggestions of Henry, who was anxious to persuade him to recant, was cited to appear before the archbishop, and excommunicated for disobedience. He had already given to the king a written statement of his belief, but the monarch, dauntless in war, trembled before the fear of spiritual censures, and left the matter in the hands of the bishops. Cobham then appealed to the Pope, but this offended the monarch still more, and he was committed to the Tower until the day of trial.

Shortly afterwards he appeared in the Chapter-house of St. Paul's, before the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishops of London and Winchester. When called on to submit and receive absolution, he read the following declaration of his faith:—

"I, John Oldcastle, knight, Lord Cobham, write that all Christian men wete and understand, that I clepe Almighty God unto witness that it hath been, now is, and ever, with the helpe of God, shall be my intent and my will to beleve faythfully all the sacraments that ever God ordained to be done in Holy Church; and moreover to declare me in these four points: I beleve that the most worshypful sacrament of the alter is Christes body, in form of bread, the same body that was borne of the Blessed Virgin or Lady Saint Mary, done on the crosse, dead and buried, the thyrd day rose from death to lyfe, the which body is now glorified in Heaven. Also as for the sacrament of penance, I beleve that it is needefull to every man that shall be saved to forsake sinne, and do due penance for sinne before done, with true confession, very contrition and due satisfaction as God's law limiteth and teacheth, and els may not be saved, which penance I desire all men to do."

"And as of images, I understand that they benotof beleve, but that they were ordained sitte the beleve was geven of Christ, by sufferance of the Church, to be calenders to lewed men to represent and bryng to mynde the passion of our Lord Jesu Christ, and martyrdome and good lyving of other saints; and that whoso it be that doth the worshyp to dead images that is due to God, or putteth such hope or trust in helpe of them as he should do to God, or hath affection in one more than in another, he doth in that the great sinne of mawmetry (idolatry)."

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There was much in this that the archbishop could not deny; but they thought the most compendious way to despatch him was by means of cavils about the corporal presence, says old Fuller, and he was demanded to consider his answer to certain "determinations" of the church. Being again brought before them, and absolution again offered, upon due submission, with a consciousness of his impending fate, and a conflict of feelings which we can hardly now imagine, he knelt on the pavement, and raising his hands to heaven, like the great protomartyr St. Stephen, exclaimed—

"I shrive me here unto thee, O my eternal living God! that in my frail youth I offended thee, Lord, most grievously, in pride, wrath, gluttony, and lechery; many men have I hurt in my anger, and many other horrible sins have I committed, for which, O Lord, I humbly crave thy mercy." Tears burst from his eyes while he spoke, and compelled him for a moment to pause; but soon recovering himself, he proceeded with increased energy of voice and manner:—"Lo! good people, for the breaking of God's law and his great commandments, these grave prelates and doctors never yet cursed me; but for offending against laws of their own, and doubtful traditions, most cruelly do they humble me, as they have done others; and therefore it will in the end be seen that they and their laws, in accordance with what is promised in the word of God, shall be utterly destroyed."

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"Though you may judge my body," said he with an unmoved countenance, when the archbishop had ceased, "which is but a wretched thing, yet sure and certain I am that ye can no more harm my soul than could Satan that of Job. He that created me will, of His infinite mercy, save me according to his promise. Of this I have no manner of doubt, and for the articles before rehearsed I will stand to them to the very death, with the grace of my Eternal God." Then looking on the spectators by whom he was surrounded, he extended his hands, and spake as follows, with a loud voice:—"Good Christian people, for God's sake beware of these cruel men, for they will else beguile you and lead you into Hell with themselves; for Christ hath plainly told you, if one blind man lead another, both are likely to fall into a ditch."



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The obscurity which rests on his subsequent career is not cleared up by Mr. Gaspey. That he was guiltless of the alleged attempt at insurrection in St. Giles's-fields we fully believe, and his subsequent punishment as a heretic by fire, and not as a traitor, shews the real cause of his death.

The greater part of the second volume is occupied with an account of John Huss and Jerome of Prague, who may be truly called disciples of Wiclif, for they had early become acquainted with his tenets, from the attendants of the Queen of Richard the Second, and been furnished with copies of his writings, in great numbers, by Lord Cobham and others. There is nothing particularly worthy of praise in this portion of the work, which, like the former, is a mere compilation. "The Life and Times of the good Lord Cobham" still remain to be written, and they must be written with the views which we have already pointed out, and in the spirit which breathes through the well-known comment of old Fuller, on the execution of the decree of the Council of Constance, that the body and bones of Wiclif should be taken from the ground and thrown far away from the burial of any church. In pursuance of this decree, the body was disinterred and burnt, and the ashes cast into the little brook, the Swift; and so, says Fuller "the brook did convey his ashes into Avon; Avon into Severn; Severn into the narrow seas; they into the main ocean. And thus the ashes of Wiclif are the emblem of his doctrine, which now is dispersed all the world over."

#### PHILOSOPHY.

*Life in a Sick Room. Essays. By an Invalid. Moxon, 1844.*

OFTEN to most of us, to all at some time, it will happen to taste the sorrow of life in a sick room. Right welcome, then, to every one, to young and old, to the proudest and the lowliest, to the sturdiest and to the frailest, will be a voice that tells them, as the lesson of experience, what consolation may be extracted from it, how its imprisonment may be turned to profitable uses, with what hues of gold reason and imagination may tinge its darkest clouds, and how the heavy hand of affliction may draw from the bowed and bruised branch a fragrance more sweet than is found in it in the lustihood of its spring glory.

Such a voice is that of Miss Martineau, whispered in tones so sweet, so gentle, so reflective, so full of love for God and man, so sympathizing with whatever is good, so accordant with the benevolent spirit of creation, so full of hope, and cheerfulness, and resignation to God's will, so thrilling with piety, so attuned to praise, so religious, so rich with the melody of divine philosophy, that the sick will take it to their hearts, as medicine of more worth than the prescription of the doctor, for they will find in it indeed a remedy for the mind diseased; and they who are now in the enjoyment of health will be reminded of the insecurity of the blessing of which they boast, and be prepared to meet with equanimity the change that sooner or later must come over them.

In the solitude of a sick room, removed from immediate contact with the whirl, and hurry, and tumult of the overflowing tide of existence, the invalid is in a position to take a larger and juster view of the progress of events and the tendency of human affairs. His own passions lulled, he contemplates with calmness strifes in which, when he bore a part, he could see only the partial right or wrong of the conflicting parties; and thought, ever busy, dares further flights, and ranges about with more of freedom, when the trammels of business, the chains of custom, the bonds of every-day prejudices, are relaxed.

And if so it be with all, it may be well imagined that the *Life in a Sick Room* of such a mind as

that of Miss Martineau would be pre-eminently rich in reflections, and its experiences a treasure for those who may be subjected to the same afflictions. And, in very truth, there should not be a house in the land without this delightful volume, to be a physician to the sick, a monitor to those in health, a solace to the old, and a charm to the young.

The titles of the essays will convey the best notion of their subjects. "The Transient and the Permanent in a Sick Room" treats of the relative importance of things as they appear when we are busily occupied with them in the world, and when we view them from the unimpassioned position of a spectator gazing at the struggle, but taking no part in it. "Nature to the Invalid" beautifully describes the soothing influence of scenery, of the position of the chamber, of sunshine, and fresh air, and green fields upon the mind, and thence upon the malady. The essay entitled "The Power of Ideas in the Sick Room" forcibly paints the greater vividness of the mental impressions, and the importance of so regulating them, that the most cheerful and useful only should be encouraged. "Becoming Inured" teaches us how, by the gracious provision of the Creator, even pain loses its intensity by repetition, and how we learn to endure, and derive a pleasure from endurance; and "Death to the Invalid" tells us how to die, smooths the passage to the grave, and teaches that, whether the decree be for life or death, we should resign ourselves to it cheerfully, in confidence that it will be the best for us.

The author supposes the reader to be a brother invalid, and addresses him in an appropriate strain. Her immediate purpose is to shew him that there is good in every thing, even in sickness. Bearing in mind this description of the nature and purport of the work, we now proceed to gather from it a few passages which strike us as especially worthy of re-perusal and preservation.

She thus truly points out the tendency of the busy portion of the world to over-rate the importance of the single object about which they especially concern themselves, and to under-rate the general movement of the whole.

#### THE MOVEMENT.

"We see everybody that is busy doing what we did—overrating the immediate object. There is no sin in this, and no harm, however it proves incessantly the fallibility of human judgments. It is ordered by Him who constituted our minds and our duties, that our business of the hour should be magnified by the operation of our powers upon it. Without this, nothing would ever be done: for every man's energy is no more than sufficient for his task; and there would be a fatal abatement of energy if a man saw his present employment in the proportion in which it must afterwards appear to other affairs,—the limitation and weakness of our powers causing us to apprehend feebly the details of what we see, when we endeavour to be comprehensive in our views. The truth seems to lie in a point of view different from either. I doubt whether it is possible for us to overrate the positive importance of what we are doing, though we are continually exaggerating its value in relation to other objects of our own; while it seems pretty certain that we entertain an inadequate estimate of interests that we have dismissed, to make room for new ones.

"Next, we see the present operation of old liberalizing causes so strong as to be irresistible; men of all parties—or, at least, reasonable men of all parties—so carried along by the current of events, that it is scarcely now a question with any one what is the point towards which the vessel of the state is to be carried next, but how is she to be most safely steered amidst the perils which beset an ordained course. One party mourns that no great political hero rises up to retard the speed to a rate of safety; and another party mourns that no great political hero presents himself to increase while guiding our speed by the inspiration of his genius; while there are a few tranquil observers who believe that, glorious as would be the advent of a great political hero at any time, we could never better get on without one, because never before were principles so clearly and strongly compelling their own adoption and working out their own results. They are now the masters and not the servants of statesmen; and, inestimable as would be the boon of a great individual will, which should work in absolute congeniality with these powers, we may trust, for our safety and progress, in their dominion over all lesser wills."

"While in this conflict grave and responsible leaders grow factious—while men of purpose forget their march onward in side-skirmishes—while reformers lose sight of the imperishable quality of their cause, and talk of hopeless corruption and inevitable destruction—how do affairs appear to us, in virtue merely of our being out of the strife?

"We see that large principles are more extensively

agreed upon than ever before—more manifest to all eyes, from the very absence of a hero to work them, since they are every hour shewing how irresistibly they are making their own way. We see that the tale of the multitude is told as it was never told before—their health, their minds and morals, pleaded for in a tone perfectly new in the world. We see that the dreadful sins and woes of society are the results of old causes, and that our generation has the honour of being responsible for their relief; while the disgrace of their existence belongs, certainly not to our time, and perhaps to none. We see that no spot of earth ever before contained such an amount of infallible resources as our own country at this day; so much knowledge, so much sense, so much vigour, foresight, and benevolence, or such an amount of external means. We see the progress of amelioration, silent but sure, as the shepherd on the upland sees in the valley the advance of a gush of sunshine from between two hills. He observes what the people below are too busy to mark: how the light attains now this object and now that—how it now embellishes yonder copse, and now gilds that stream, and now glances upon the roofs of the far-off hamlet—the signs and sound of life quickening along its course."

She thus describes the

#### SITE FOR A SICK ROOM.

"We should have the widest expanse of sky, for night scenery. We should have a wide expanse of land or water, for the sake of a sense of liberty, yet more than for variety; and also because then the inestimable help of a telescope may be called in. Think of the difference to us between seeing from our sofas the width of a street, even if it be Sackville-street, Dublin, or Portland-place, in London, and thirty miles of sea-view, with its long boundary of rocks, and the power of sweeping our glance over half a county, by means of a telescope! But the chief ground of preference of the sea is less its space than its motion, and the perpetual shifting of objects caused by it. There can be nothing in inland scenery which can give the sense of life and motion and connexion with the world like sea changes. The motion of a waterfall is too continuous—too little varied—as the breaking of the waves would be, if that were all the sea could afford. The fitful action of a windmill—the waving of trees, the ever-changing aspects of mountains are good and beautiful; but there is something more life-like in the going forth and return of ships, in the passage of fleets, and in the never-ending variety of a fishery. But then, there must not be too much sea. The strongest eyes and nerves could not support the glare and oppressive vastness of an unrelieved expanse of waters. I was aware of this in time, and fixed myself where the view of the sea was inferior to what I should have preferred if I had come to the coast for a summer visit. Between my window and the sea is a green down, as green as any field in Ireland; and on the nearer half of this down, haymaking goes forward in its season. It slopes down to a hollow, where the prior of old preserved his fish, there being sluices formerly at either end, the one opening upon the river, and the other upon a little haven below the priory, whose ruins still crown the rock. From the prior's fish-pond the green down slopes upwards again to a ridge; and on the slope are cows grazing all summer, and half way into the winter. Over the ridge, I survey the harbour and all its traffic, the view extending from the lighthouses far to the right, to a horizon of sea to the left. Beyond the harbour lies another county, with, first, its sandy beach, where there are frequent wrecks—too interesting to an invalid—and a fine stretch of rocky shore to the left; and above the rocks, a spreading heath, where I watch troops of boys flying their kites; lovers and friends taking their breezy walk on Sundays; the sportsman with his gun and dog; and the washerwomen converging from the farm-houses on Saturday evenings, to carry their loads, in company, to the village on the yet further height. I see them, now talking in a cluster, as they walk each with her white burden on her head, and now in file, as they pass through the narrow lane; and, finally, they part off on the village green, each to some neighbouring house of the gentry. Behind the village and the heath, stretches the railroad; and I watch the train triumphantly careering along the level road, and puffing forth its steam above hedges and groups of trees, and then labouring and panting up the ascent, till it is lost between two heights, which at last bound my view. But on these heights are more objects; a windmill, now in motion and now at rest; a limekiln, in a picturesque rocky field; an ancient church tower, barely visible in the morning, but conspicuous when the setting sun shines upon it; a colliery, with its lofty waggon-way and the self-moving waggon running hither and thither, as if in pure wilfulness; and three or four farms, at various degrees of ascent, whose yards, paddocks, and dairies I am better acquainted with than their inhabitants would believe possible. I know every stack of the one on the heights. Against the sky I see the stacking of corn and hay in the season, and can detect the slicing away of the provender, with an accurate eye, at the distance of several miles. I can

## THE REAL LAMP OF ALADDIN.

"The real lamp of Aladdin is that on the merchant's desk. All the genies, white, olive, or black, who people the atmosphere of earth, it puts in motion at the antipodes. It builds palaces in the wilderness and cities in the forest, and collects every splendour and every refinement of luxury from the fingers of subservient toil. Kings of the East are slaves of the lamp; the winds blow and the seas roll only to work the best of its owner."

## FRANKLIN'S WORKS.

"The writings of Dr. Franklin are justly admired for a plain popularity of style, for the distinct picturesque character of idea, for humorous Socratic irony, and for the art of arguing to the selfishness; the reader is constantly put in mind of the use that will accrue to him, and such as him, from the adoption of Dr. Franklin's premises. Even a question of science is never handled as a question of curiosity, where to evolve the truth is the disinterested end in view; it must be hooked to some petty, practical purpose of private accommodation before it is held worthy of being investigated. This concatenation of the *cui bono* to every footstep is a clog to excellence; it illiberalizes science; but it seems to be the characteristic of American philosophy. The national foible is readily forgotten in Dr. Franklin when his vast efficacy is contemplated: history will class him among her great men—among the strong minds employed in directing important events. He had, perhaps, more of craft than of boldness, more of prudence than of magnanimity; but he attained his ends without harshness or waste of effort; he early saw the scope of his pursuit, and proceeded towards it, step by step, with a singleness of purpose and an undeviating perseverance that rarely accompany a comprehensive mind. Indeed Dr. Franklin's range of attention and idea was but narrow. The classical, poetical, and elegant writers had employed little of his leisure. The moral sublime, the heroic delineations of the muse, seldom tinged his sentiments or actions; nor had the luxuries and refinements of social life attraction enough to encroach much on his habits of snug sufficiency. He allowed himself time to think and time to say but little; that little was always hitting; and what especially will consecrate his memory to the grateful veneration and growing applause of the remotest posterity is, that he belonged among those worthies who have assisted the people to obtain liberty, and not among those cringings who have assisted sovereigns to extend their power."

*The Life and Times of the Good Lord Cobham.*  
By T. GASPEY, author of "The Lollards," &c.  
&c. 2 vols. London, 1844. H. Cunningham.

We have long been of opinion that due justice has never yet been done to the inferior actors, whose labours and sufferings contributed far more to the success of the Reformation than it is the fashion to admit. Far too prevalent a notion is it, that the whims and wickedness of Henry the Eighth, backed by the avarice of his courtiers, effected those changes in the established religion of the country, and that they had the power both to hasten and stay the progress of truth, according to the caprice of the moment. This is the impression to be gathered from the narration of Hume. And no wonder; for, to his cold, sceptical mind, the disputes between two rival parties in matters of faith and religion were but as the fabled battles of the frogs and mice; and he was unable to appreciate them as he was unwilling to attribute any action to the higher and nobler motives which influence mankind, when he could explain it by a lower and meaner. Romanist historians are also incapacitated by party feeling from taking the proper view of the subject. But proofs of the extent of the dissatisfaction felt by the people with the lives and doctrines of the Romanist clergy, and of the eagerness with which they welcomed the sounds of a truer faith, lie abundantly beneath the surface of the history of that period. Henry the Eighth was, in fact, little more than the director of the movement, and even that but for a time. Witness his bitter complaint in his last speech, that, in spite of his proclamations, "the word of God was disputed, rhymed, sung, and jingled in every alehouse and tavern;" a clear acknowledgment that the minds of the people were tired up, and that they thought for themselves. It would be strange if this had not been so. In Scotland the people were the main agents; in Ireland the people remained firm to their old faith, and nothing was effected for want of their assistance. Why, then, is England supposed to be an exception?

A due consideration of the wonderful success of Wiclif's preaching during a period of twenty-six years, and the natural vitality of opinions essentially true, and imbibed as those of the "Gospellers" were; and further, the recollection of

the support these opinions received from the national hatred of a foreign yoke, in spiritual things as well as temporal, would have excited greater inquiry into the part taken by the middle and lower classes in the great struggle of the sixteenth century. Nearly half of the English nation, says Knyghton, one of his contemporaries, embraced the doctrines of Wiclif, and the strenuous exertions made by the clergy to put down the Lollards, by the strong arm of persecution, prove their numbers and importance. "The Life and Times of Lord Cobham," therefore, afford a noble field for historical inquiry. But it demands high qualifications in him who would undertake it, and such Mr. Gaspey certainly does not possess. Having strung together, without any clear notion of their relative importance, a few isolated illustrations of the period, and interwoven them in an unconnected and artificial manner with the narrative of the life of Lord Cobham, and taken little or no trouble to develop the opinions, religious or political, of the Lollards, he believes, or wishes the public to believe, that his book will give them a clear conception of this important period. So far from adding to our knowledge by independent inquiries, he has abstained from those which it was the first duty of a biographer of Lord Cobham to consider. He has admitted, without examination, the charge brought against him of having been a profligate boon companion of Henry the Fifth when Prince of Wales, although it rests on little else than the name of Sir John Oldcastle having been given to a character in the old play of the "Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth." Chronology was strongly against this charge. When Henry came to the throne, in 1413, he was but 23 years old, and Lord Cobham was at that time about fifty years of age, and had long been distinguished for his support of the Lollards, and his high character. The extent of the author's research may be judged of by his confessed ignorance of the grounds on which it has been assumed that the "Famous Victories" had been produced before Shakespeare's time. They are these:—Tarleton, the famous comic actor, who played the clown in it, died in 1588; it was entered in the Stationers' books in 1594, and performed by Henslowe's company in 1595.

In the account of his capture in Wales, Mr. Gaspey repeats the apparently contradictory reports of Sir Edward Charlton and Earl Powis having been the captors. But a letter published by Sir Henry Ellis some years back (*Orig. Let. 2nd ser. vol. 1, p. 87*) has cleared up this difficulty, by shewing that Sir Edward Charlton was the same person as Earl Powis. This is a slight matter, perhaps; but accuracy is required in a biographer. We observe, too, with surprise, that in his second volume he actually confuses Sir John Oldcastle with John Baron Cobham, who, in 1388, was, with twelve others, Bishop Arundel among the number, appointed commissioners to regulate the affairs of the kingdom.

We can, however, present to our readers some interesting passages which occur in these volumes; for it is impossible that the record of the words and actions of the first man of high rank and station who died for his faith—one of

"Those harbingers of good whom bitter hate  
In vain endeavoured to exterminate"—

can be otherwise than dear to all true English hearts.

Lord Cobham was far too zealous a supporter of "suspected preachers"—too earnest and energetic in the spread of the light of knowledge—to escape the hatred of the clergy, who had been roused by the repeated propositions of the Commons to seize their temporalities, to a sense of the prevalence of the "Gospellers." As usual throughout the middle ages, the clergy were wise in their generation. They availed themselves of the flimsy shadow of right upon which the crown was then enjoyed; and, by rendering hearty support to Henry the Fourth and his son, were able to demand assistance for the support of their own less tenable claims.

Lord Cobham was accused of heresy, and having nobly refused to listen to the suggestions of Henry, who was anxious to persuade him to recant, was cited to appear before the archbishop, and excommunicated for disobedience. He had already given to the king a written statement of his belief, but the monarch, dauntless in war, trembled before the fear of spiritual censures, and left the matter in the hands of the bishops. Cobham then appealed to the Pope, but this offended the monarch still more, and he was committed to the Tower until the day of trial.

Shortly afterwards he appeared in the Chapter-house of St. Paul's, before the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishops of London and Winchester. When called on to submit and receive absolution, he read the following declaration of his faith:—

"I, John Oldcastle, knight, Lord Cobham, write that all Christian men wete and understand, that I clepe Almighty God unto witness that it hath been, now is, and ever, with the helpe of God, shall bee my intent and my will to beleve faythfully all the sacraments that ever God ordained to be done in Holy Church; and moreover to declare me in these four pointes: I beleve that the most worshipful sacrament of the altar is Christes body, in form of bread, the same body that was borne of the Blessed Virgin or Lady Saint Mary, done on the crosse, dead and buried, the thyrday rose from death to lyfe, the which body is now glorified in Heaven. Also as for the sacrament of penance, I beleve that it is needfull to every man that shall be saved to forsake sinne, and do due penance for siane before done, with true confession, very contrition and due satisfaction as God's law limiteth and teacheth, and els may not be saved, which penance I desire all men to do.

"And as of images, I understand that they benotof beleve, but that they were ordained sitte the beleve was geven of Christ, by sufferance of the Church, to be calenders to leved men to represent and bryng to mynde the passion of our Lord Jesu Christ, and martyrdome and good lying of other saints; and that whoso it be that doth the worship to dead images that is due to God, or putteth such hope or trust in helpe of them as he should do to God, or hath affection in one more than in another, he doth in that the great sinne of mawmetry (idolatry).

"Also I suppose this fully that every man in this earth is a pilgrime toward blisse or toward payne; that he that knoweth not ne will not know ne keep the Holy Commandmentes of God in his lyung here (albeit that he go on pilgrimages to all the world, if he dye so), he shall be damned, and he that knoweth the Holy Commandmentes of God, and keepeth them to his end, he shall be saved though he never in his life go on pilgrimage, as men use now to Canterbury or to Rome, or to any other place."

There was much in this that the archbishop could not deny; but they thought the most compendious way to despatch him was by means of cavils about the corporal presence, says old Fuller, and he was demanded to consider his answer to certain "determinations" of the church. Being again brought before them, and absolution again offered, upon due submission, with a consciousness of his impending fate, and a conflict of feelings which we can hardly now imagine, he knelt on the pavement, and raising his hands to heaven, like the great protomartyr St. Stephen, exclaimed—

"I shrive me here unto thee, O my eternal living God! that in my frail youth I offended thee, Lord, most grievously, in pride, wrath, gluttony, and lechery; many men have I hurt in my anger, and many other horrible sins have I committed, for which, O Lord, I humbly crave thy mercy." Tears burst from his eyes while he spoke, and compelled him for a moment to pause; but soon recovering himself, he proceeded with increased energy of voice and manner:—"Lo! good people, for the breaking of God's law and his great commandments, these grave prelates and doctors never yet cursed me; but for offending against laws of their own, and doubtful traditions, most cruelly do they humble me, as they have done others; and therefore it will in the end be seen that they and their laws, in accordance with what is promised in the word of God, shall be utterly destroyed."

Still they had not entrapped him into any assertion which they could positively declare to be heretical; but after more questions respecting transubstantiation—the last established dogma of the Romish church, and therefore the most jealously defended—the worship of images—penance, &c., he was, as prearranged, sentenced "to be committed as a condemned heretick to the secular jurisdiction, power and judgement, to do hym thereupon to death."

At this dread sentence his eye quailed not, nor did his heart falter.

"Though you may judge my body," said he with an unmoved countenance, when the archbishop had ceased, "which is but a wretched thing, yet sure and certain I am that ye can no more harm my soul than could Satan that of Job. He that created me will, of His infinite mercy, save me according to his promise. Of this I have no manner of doubt, and for the articles before rehearsed I will stand to them to the very death, with the grace of my Eternal God." Then looking on the spectators by whom he was surrounded, he extended his hands, and spake as follows, with a loud voice:—"Good Christian people, for God's sake beware of these cruel men, for they will else beguile you and lead you into Hell with themselves; for Christ hath plainly told you, if one blind man lead another, both are likely to fall into a ditch."



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"Lord God Eternal," he exclaimed, "I beseech thee in thy infinite mercy to forgive my pursuers, if it be thy blessed will."

Yet this was the man, of whom Lingard can say, "his conduct was as arrogant and insulting as that of his judge was mild and dignified."

The obscurity which rests on his subsequent career is not cleared up by Mr. Gaspey. That he was guiltless of the alleged attempt at insurrection in St. Giles's-fields we fully believe, and his subsequent punishment as a heretic by fire, and not as a traitor, shews the real cause of his death.

The greater part of the second volume is occupied with an account of John Huss and Jerome of Prague, who may be truly called disciples of Wiclif, for they had early become acquainted with his tenets, from the attendants of the Queen of Richard the Second, and been furnished with copies of his writings, in great numbers, by Lord Cobham and others. There is nothing particularly worthy of praise in this portion of the work, which, like the former, is a mere compilation. "The Life and Times of the good Lord Cobham" still remain to be written, and they must be written with the views which we have already pointed out, and in the spirit which breathes through the well-known comment of old Fuller, on the execution of the decree of the Council of Constance, that the body and bones of Wiclif should be taken from the ground and thrown far away from the burial of any church. In pursuance of this decree, the body was disinterred and burnt, and the ashes cast into the little brook, the Swift; and so, says Fuller "the brook did convey his ashes into Avon; Avon into Severn; Severn into the narrow seas; they into the main ocean. And thus the ashes of Wiclif are the emblem of his doctrine, which now is dispersed all the world over."

## PHILOSOPHY.

*Life in a Sick Room. Essays. By an Invalid.*  
Moxon, 1844.

OFTEN to most of us, to all at some time, it will happen to taste the sorrow of life in a sick room. Right welcome, then, to every one, to young and old, to the proudest and the lowliest, to the sturdiest and to the frailest, will be a voice that tells them, as the lesson of experience, what consolation may be extracted from it, how its imprisonment may be turned to profitable uses, with what hues of gold reason and imagination may tinge its darkest clouds, and how the heavy hand of affliction may draw from the bowed and bruised branch a fragrance more sweet than is found in it in the lushhood of its spring glory.

Such a voice is that of Miss Martineau, whispered in tones so sweet, so gentle, so reflective, so full of love for God and man, so sympathizing with whatever is good, so accordant with the benevolent spirit of creation, so full of hope, and cheerfulness, and resignation to God's will, so thrilling with piety, so attuned to praise, so religious, so rich with the melody of divine philosophy, that the sick will take it to their hearts, as medicine of more worth than the prescription of the doctor, for they will find in it indeed a remedy for the mind diseased; and they who are now in the enjoyment of health will be reminded of the insecurity of the blessing of which they boast, and be prepared to meet with equanimity the change that sooner or later must come over them.

In the solitude of a sick room, removed from immediate contact with the whirl, and hurry, and tumult of the overflowing tide of existence, the invalid is in a position to take a larger and juster view of the progress of events and the tendency of human affairs. His own passions lulled, he contemplates with calmness strifes in which, when he bore a part, he could see only the partial right or wrong of the conflicting parties; and thought, ever busy, dares further flights, and ranges about with more of freedom, when the trammels of business, the chains of custom, the bonds of every-day prejudices, are relaxed.

And if so it be with all, it may be well imagined that the *Life in a Sick Room* of such a mind as

that of Miss Martineau would be pre-eminently rich in reflections, and its experiences a treasure for those who may be subjected to the same afflictions. And, in very truth, there should not be a house in the land without this delightful volume, to be a physician to the sick, a monitor to those in health, a solace to the old, and a charm to the young.

The titles of the essays will convey the best notion of their subjects. "The Transient and the Permanent in a Sick Room" treats of the relative importance of things as they appear when we are busily occupied with them in the world, and when we view them from the unimpassioned position of a spectator gazing at the struggle, but taking no part in it. "Nature to the Invalid" beautifully describes the soothing influence of scenery, of the position of the chamber, of sunshine, and fresh air, and green fields upon the mind, and thence upon the malady. The essay entitled "The Power of Ideas in the Sick Room" forcibly paints the greater vividness of the mental impressions, and the importance of so regulating them, that the most cheerful and useful only should be encouraged. "Becoming Inured" teaches us how, by the gracious provision of the Creator, even pain loses its intensity by repetition, and how we learn to endure, and derive a pleasure from endurance; and "Death to the Invalid" tells us how to die, smooths the passage to the grave, and teaches that, whether the decree be for life or death, we should resign ourselves to it cheerfully, in confidence that it will be the best for us.

The author supposes the reader to be a brother invalid, and addresses him in an appropriate strain. Her immediate purpose is to shew him that there is good in every thing, even in sickness. Bearing in mind this description of the nature and purport of the work, we now proceed to gather from it a few passages which strike us as especially worthy of re-perusal and preservation.

She thus truly points out the tendency of the busy portion of the world to over-rate the importance of the single object about which they especially concern themselves, and to under-rate the general movement of the whole.

### THE MOVEMENT.

"We see everybody that is busy doing what we did—overrating the immediate object. There is no sin in this, and no harm, however it proves incessantly the fallibility of human judgments. It is ordered by Him who constituted our minds and our duties, that our business of the hour should be magnified by the operation of our powers upon it. Without this, nothing would ever be done: for every man's energy is no more than sufficient for his task; and there would be a fatal abatement of energy if a man saw his present employment in the proportion in which it must afterwards appear to other affairs,—the limitation and weakness of our powers causing us to apprehend feebly the details of what we see, when we endeavour to be comprehensive in our views. The truth seems to lie in a point of view different from either. I doubt whether it is possible for us to overrate the positive importance of what we are doing, though we are continually exaggerating its value in relation to other objects of our own; while it seems pretty certain that we entertain an inadequate estimate of interests that we have dismissed, to make room for new ones.

"Next, we see the present operation of old liberalizing causes so strong as to be irresistible; men of all parties—or, at least, reasonable men of all parties—so carried along by the current of events, that it is scarcely now a question with any one what is the point towards which the vessel of the state is to be carried next, but how is she to be most safely steered amidst the perils which beset an ordained course. One party mourns that no great political hero rises up to retard the speed to a rate of safety; and another party mourns that no great political hero presents himself to increase while guiding our speed by the inspiration of his genius; while there are a few tranquil observers who believe that, glorious as would be the advent of a great political hero at any time, we could never better get on without one, because never before were principles so clearly and strongly compelling their own adoption and working out their own results. They are now the masters and not the servants of statesmen; and, inestimable as would be the boon of a great individual will, which should work in absolute congeniality with these powers, we may trust, for our safety and progress, in their dominion over all lesser wills."

"While in this conflict grave and responsible leaders grow factions—while men of purpose forget their march onward in side-skirmishes—while reformers lose sight of the imperishable quality of their cause, and talk of hopeless corruption and inevitable destruction—how do affairs appear to us, in virtue merely of our being out of the strife?

"We see that large principles are more extensively

agreed upon than ever before—more manifest to all eyes, from the very absence of a hero to work them, since they are every hour shewing how irresistibly they are making their own way. We see that the tale of the multitude is told as it was never told before—their health, their minds and morals, pleaded for in a tone perfectly new in the world. We see that the dreadful sins and woes of society are the results of old causes, and that our generation has the honour of being responsible for their relief; while the disgrace of their existence belongs, certainly not to our time, and perhaps to none. We see that no spot of earth ever before contained such an amount of infallible resources as our own country at this day; so much knowledge, so much sense, so much vigour, foresight, and benevolence, or such an amount of external means. We see the progress of amelioration, silent but sure, as the shepherd on the upland sees in the valley the advance of a gush of sunshine from between two hills. He observes what the people below are too busy to mark: how the light attains now this object and now that—how it now embellishes yonder copse, and now gilds that stream, and now glances upon the roofs of the far-off hamlet—the signs and sound of life quickening along its course."

She thus describes the

### SITE FOR A SICK ROOM.

"We should have the widest expanse of sky, for night scenery. We should have a wide expanse of land or water, for the sake of a sense of liberty, yet more than for variety; and also because then the inestimable help of a telescope may be called in. Think of the difference to us between seeing from our sofas the width of a street, even if it be Sackville-street, Dublin, or Portland-place, in London, and thirty miles of sea-view, with its long boundary of rocks, and the power of sweeping our glance over half a county, by means of a telescope! But the chief ground of preference of the sea is less its space than its motion, and the perpetual shifting of objects caused by it. There can be nothing in inland scenery which can give the sense of life and motion, and connexion with the world like sea changes. The motion of a waterfall is too continuous—too little varied—as the breaking of the waves would be, if that were all the sea could afford. The fitful action of a wind-mill—the waving of trees, the ever-changing aspects of mountains are good and beautiful; but there is something more life-like in the going forth and return of ships, in the passage of fleets, and in the never-ending variety of a fishery. But then, there must not be too much sea. The strongest eyes and nerves could not support the glare and oppressive vastness of an unrelieved expanse of waters. I was aware of this in time, and fixed myself where the view of the sea was inferior to what I should have preferred if I had come to the coast for a summer visit. Between my window and the sea is a green down, as green as any field in Ireland; and on the nearer half of this down, haymaking goes forward in its season. It slopes down to a hollow, where the prior of old preserved his fish, there being sluices formerly at either end, the one opening upon the river, and the other upon a little haven below the priory, whose ruins still crown the rock. From the prior's fish-pond the green down slopes upwards again to a ridge; and on the slope are cows grazing all summer, and half way into the winter. Over the ridge, I survey the harbour and all its traffic, the view extending from the lighthouses far to the right, to a horizon of sea to the left. Beyond the harbour lies another county, with, first, its sandy beach, where there are frequent wrecks—too interesting to an invalid—and a fine stretch of rocky shore to the left; and above the rocks, a spreading heath, where I watch troops of boys flying their kites; lovers and friends taking their breezy walk on Sundays; the sportsman with his gun and dog; and the washerwomen converging from the farm-houses on Saturday evenings, to carry their loads, in company, to the village on the yet further height. I see them, now talking in a cluster, as they walk each with her white burden on her head, and now in file, as they pass through the narrow lane; and, finally, they part off on the village green, each to some neighbouring house of the gentry. Behind the village and the heath, stretches the railroad; and I watch the train triumphantly careering along the level road, and puffing forth its steam above hedges and groups of trees, and then labouring and panting up the ascent, till it is lost between two heights, which at last bound my view. But on these heights are more objects: a windmill, new in motion and now at rest; a limekiln, in a picturesque rocky field; an ancient church tower, barely visible in the morning, but conspicuous when the setting sun shines upon it; a colliery, with its lofty wagon-way and the self-moving waggons running hither and thither, as if in pure wilfulness; and three or four farms, at various degrees of ascent, whose gardens, paddocks, and dairies I am better acquainted with than their inhabitants would believe possible. I know every stack of the one on the heights, against the sky I see the stacking of corn, and hay in the season, and can detect the sliding away of the snow, with an accurate eye, at the distance of several miles. I can

follow the sociable farmer in his summer evening ride, pricking on in the lane where he is alone, in order to have more time for the unconscionable gossip at the gate of the next farm-house, and for the second talk over the paddock-fence of the next, or for the third or fourth before the porch, or over the wall, when the resident farmer comes out, pipe in mouth, and puffs away amidst his chat, till the wife appears, with a shawl over her cap, to see what can detain him so long; and the daughter follows, with her gown turned over head (for it is now chill evening), and at last the sociable horseman finds he must be going, looks at his watch, and, with a gesture of surprise, turns his steed down a steep broken way to the beach, and canters home over the sands, left hard and wet by the ebbing tide, the white horse making his progress visible to me through the dusk. Then, if the question arises which has most of the gossip spirit, he or I, there is no shame in the answer. Any such small amusement is better than harmless—is salutary—which carries the sick prisoner abroad into the open air, among country people. When I shut down my window, I feel that my mind has had an airing."

Very cheering to the philanthropist are her views, as beheld from the sick room, of

#### THE PROGRESS OF SOCIETY.

"Before we were laid aside, we read, as everybody read, philosophical histories, in which the progress of society was presented. We read of the old times, when the chieftain, whatever his title, dwelt in the castle on the steep, while his retainers were housed in a cluster of dwellings under the shadow of his protection. We read of the indispensable function of the priest in the castle, and of the rise of his order; and then, of the lawyer and his order. We read of the origin of commerce, beginning in monopoly; and then, of the gradual admission of more and more parties to the privileges of trade, and their settling themselves in situations favourable for the purpose, and apart from the head monopolists. We read of the indispensable function of the merchant, and the rise of his order. We read of the feuds and wars of the aristocratic orders, which, while fatally weakening them, left leisure for the middle and lower orders to rise and grow, and strengthen themselves, till the forces of society were shifted, and its destinies presented a new aspect. We read of the sure, though sometimes intermitting, advance of popular interests, and reduction of aristocratic power and privileges, throughout the general field of civilization. We read of all these things, and assented to what seemed so very clear—so distinct an interpretation of what had happened up to our own day. At the same time, busy and involved as we were in the interests of the day, how little use did we make of the philosophic retrospect, which might and should have been prophetic? You, I think, dreaded in every popular movement a whirlwind of destruction—in every popular success a sentence of the dissolution of society. You believed that such a man, or such a set of men, could give stability to our condition, and fix us, for an unassignable time, at the point of the last settlement, or what you assumed to be the latest. I, meanwhile, believed that our safety or peril, for a term, depended on the event of this or that movement, the carrying of this or that question: I was not guilty of fearing political ruin. I did with constancy believe in the certain advance of popular interests, and demolition of all injurious power held by the few; but I believed that more depended on single questions than was really involved in such, and that separate measures would be more comprehensive and complete than a dispassionate observer thinks possible. In the midst of all this, you and I were taken apart; and have not our eyes been opened to perceive, in the action of society, the continuation of the history we read so long ago; I need scarcely allude to the progress of popular interests, and the unequalled rapidity with which some great questions are approaching to a settlement. We have a stronger tendency to speculate on the movements of the minds engaged in the transaction of affairs than on the rate of advance of the affairs themselves. With much that is mortifying and sad, and something that is amusing, how much is there instructive; and how clear, as in a bird's-eye view of a battle, or as in the analysis of a wise speculative philosopher, is the process!"

And great is her faith in the tendency of the world to grow better as it grows older.

"I cannot but look forward to the time when the bad training of children—the petulancies of neighbours—the errors of the ménage—the irksome superstitions, and the seductions of intemperance, shall all have been annihilated by the spread of intelligence; while the mirth at the minutest jokes—the proud plucking of noses—the little neighbourly gifts, (less amusing hereafter, perhaps, in their taste)—the festal observances—the disinterested and refined acts of self-sacrifice and love, will remain as long as the human heart has mirth in it, or a humane complacency and self-respect,—as long as its essence is what it has ever been, 'but a little lower than the angels.'"

The extreme sensibility, called nervousness, which is not the least of the afflictions of sickness, is painted in a most interesting manner in the essay entitled "Some Perils and Pains of Invalidism," from which we take the following characteristic incident:—

"The occasional sense of our being too weak for the ordinary incidents of life is strangely distressing. The cry of an infant makes us wretched for hours after, in spite of every effort of reason. I saw through my telescope, two big boys worrying a little one, and could not look to see the end of it. They were so far off that there was nothing to be done. The distress to me was such—the picture of the lives of the three boys was so vivid—that I felt as if I had no reason nor courage left. The same sort of distress recurred, but in a more moderate degree, when I saw a gentleman do a thing which I wish could dwell on his mind as it does upon mine. I saw through the same telescope, a gentleman pick up from the grass, where children had been playing the moment before, under the walls of the fort, a gay harlequin—one of those toy-figures whose limbs jerk with a string. He carried it to his party, a lady and another gentleman sitting on a bench on the top of the rocks, whose base the sea was washing. When he had shewn off the jerkings of the toy sufficiently, he began to take aim with it, as if to see how far he could throw. 'He never will,' thought I, 'throw that toy into the sea, while there are stones lying all about within reach!' He did it! Away whirled harlequin through the air far into the sea below: and there was no appearance of any remonstrance on the part of his companions. I could not look again towards the grass, to see the misery of the little owner of the toy, on finding it gone. There was no comfort in the air of genteel complacency with which the three gentry walked down from the rocks after this magnanimous deed. How glad should I be if this page should ever meet the eye of any one of them, and strike a late remorse into them! To me the incident brought back the passions of my childhood, the shock I have never got over to this hour, on reading that too torturing story of Miss Edgeworth's, about the footman, who 'broke off all the bobbins, and put them in his pocket, rolled the weaving-pillow down the dirty lane, jumped up behind his lady's carriage, and was out of sight in an instant.' I think these must be the words, for they burnt themselves in upon my childish brain, and have stirred me with passion many a time since; as this harlequin adventure will ever do."

We now reluctantly close this delightful volume, which must take a permanent place in British literature, and be a source of pleasure and profit to millions yet unborn. To our own generation we heartily recommend it, as a mine which, the more it is wrought will yield the more, and which will be to them an unfailing treasure when gold cannot give relief and wealth fails its master in his need.

#### VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

*A Summer at Port Philip.* By the Honourable ROBERT DUNDAS MURRAY. Edinburgh. William Tait.

THERE are some books which, for their popularity, owe more to their author than their subject, and some which owe more to their subject than their author. Without in any way wishing to detract from the merit of Mr. Murray, we should be inclined to number this little volume of his amongst the latter class. The plan, indeed, which he tells us in his preface he had determined to adopt, of necessity merged the writer in the work. His chief aim he states has been to furnish a faithful narrative of the rapid rise and progress of this, probably, the least known of our colonial possessions—to exhibit its actual state in relation to those points to which the emigrant directs his attention—and, in short, to render the work of some utility to those who, overborne amid the universal competition of labour and capital in this country, would gladly rally their strength on some other arena, were it but displayed to their view.

In pursuance of this purpose, he has given us, in simple and unambitious style, a sketch of the first settlement and early history of the colony, with an account of his own arrival at Port Philip, and his impressions of the district, and present state of Melbourne. We have, too, a general outline of the police, society, and customs of the city-colonists; and then, with Mr. Murray for our guide and expositor, we are mounted on a steed experienced in the bush, and set forth into the wild forest-tracts, to be initiated into the mode of life hopes, and adventures of those bold pioneers, the sheep-farmers and cattle-drivers of Australia. To those, indeed, as our author warns them, who seek only for the

reading usually found in a summer's excursion through a foreign land, this book, we may say the subject, holds out little promise of entertainment. He who seeks merely to be amused must not betake him to the dwellings of stern industry, nor turn over the history of its daily struggles. Our colonists have not leisure enough to be very amusing, and as they cannot afford to cultivate mountains, they are glad to dispense with the picturesque, preferring a fruitful soil though it be level, and a good grazing ground, though amidst monotonous scenery. And yet to those who, like ourselves, look upon our rising colonies rather as great prophecies than as naked facts, who love to regard them as the germs from whence are to spring, on an extended scale and in far-off regions, the pure Christianity, the domestic virtues, the tempered liberty, the wealth and great name of Britain, few works afford a greater interest than those which, from time to time, trace the progress of these growing societies, giving us, as it were, sketches from the youthful biography of these nations that are to be. We would, therefore, call the attention of the reader to one of these "royal infants"—one which, from its rapid advances towards prosperity, and from its natural advantages, is well deserving of the consideration of all interested in emigration. Mr. Murray gives the following account of the origin of the settlement:—

"It is only within the last few years that this country has begun to occupy a share of public notice, but long before the emigrant embarked for its shores, various attempts had been made to transplant thither the elements of a new colony, all of them unfortunately without success. In particular, the bay of Port Philip became an object of attention. As soon as discovered, it was seen to possess in its land-locked waters and opportune occurrence on a coast where such harbours are unfrequent, the greatest of attractions to the merchant and navigator; and to this point, in consequence, were the efforts of colonization directed more than to any other, far or near, within the district. Our knowledge of its existence begins with the discovery by Lieutenant Murray of the *Lady Nelson*, in pursuance of a series of exploring expeditions projected and carried into execution by Governor King, then supreme in New South Wales.

"The description, by the discoverer, of that portion which he beheld, and especially of the southern shore, written, as it is, forty years ago, might, nevertheless, be copied by the traveller of to-day without a word of alteration, so exactly does it convey the principal features by which the surrounding locality is marked. 'The southern shore of this noble harbour is bold, high land in general, and not clothed, as all the land of Western Port is, with thick brush, but with stout trees of various kinds; and in some places falls nothing short, in beauty and appearance, of Greenwich Park. Away to the eastward, at the distance of about twenty miles, the land is mountainous. There is one very high mountain, in particular, which, in the meantime, I named Arthur's Seat, from its resemblance to a mountain of that name a few miles from Edinburgh.' To this discovery the enterprising Flinders added an accurate survey; and it would appear that the bay, with its grassy shores and sheltered position, made a deep impression on the mind of that skilful navigator."

In consequence of the favourable report brought back by Flinders, an attempt was made in 1804 by Governor Collins to establish a penal colony in the district. From an unhappy choice of site, however, the plan was ultimately given up; and though subsequent attempts were made to colonize Port Philip by overland expeditions, especially the adventurous one of Messrs. Howell and Hume, in 1824, the details of which are narrated with much spirit by Mr. Murray, it was not till 1835 that the scantiness of unoccupied pasture land in proportion to their increasing flocks induced a band of settlers from Van Dieman's Land to cast themselves upon the sheltered shores of the bay. From this small nucleus, in the space of seven years, has sprung the present flourishing colony, or rather the colony as Mr. Murray found it on his visit in 1841. His own comments on its wonderful progress towards wealth and prosperity seem in no way exaggerated:—

"According to the last census, the population of the province cannot be estimated at less than 20,000 souls, including that of Melbourne, which now amounts to 12,000 inhabitants. When we consider that only seven years have rolled by since the foundations of this town were laid, and that before that time the land of which it is the capital was an unpeopled waste, we may well pause, and inquire whether this fact is not one of the most striking that modern times can produce. Nor let it be assumed that the arm of a great empire like that of England,



all-powerful to create as well as to destroy, was the instrument that planted numbers, civilisation, and wealth, where desolation reigned before;—far from it. Of all the colonies which have arisen within a late period, this owes the least to the care of a parent-country. Neither projected nor watched over by a body of influential proprietors at home, it was, on the contrary, literally founded in stealth, and was left to struggle for existence as it best could; its success or failure involving the reputation of none but a few adventurers who hazarded their all on the issue of a doubtful experiment, and whose obscure doings it was worth no one's while to befriended. True it is, a short interval only elapsed before their efforts received the countenance and protection of the authorities; but the assistance arrived when the crisis of their fate had passed by, and nothing remained to do but to take possession of a flourishing dependency. Since then, the colony has grown into the dimensions of a kingdom; the straggling village is now a populous town, the inhabitant of which, as he treads the busy streets, and stands by its crowded port, may repeat to himself, not without feelings of proud satisfaction, the words of Sir George Gipps,—“What has been done, has been done by ourselves; it has been the work of our own resources, without calling for the expenditure of a shilling of outlay on the part of the British government, and without incurring one shilling of debt.”

The first appearance of Melbourne would not seem to be very alluring to the eye of the stranger. He lands on a foot-beaten wharf, which, from its clayey bed, threatens in the rainy season to become a Slough of Despond, and finds his way through ruts, cart-tracks, and the relics of a hewn forest, to an incompart and strangely-fashioned town, which stretches its lazy length along an adjoining eminence. The streets, indeed, he finds to have the same rectangular uniformity which seems to have been the delight of colonists ever since the precise architects of New York planned that city, and lit upon the novel mode of telling off the thoroughfares, like a mustered regiment, from one to a hundred. In Melbourne, however, the monotony of aspect which such an arrangement would have tended to produce is obviated by the care which has been taken to model no house after its neighbour. The brick emporium of some wealthy and long-established provider of every thing, which rejoices in its many stories and boasts of an annual rental of 400*l.* or upwards, stands next to the lowly wooden habitation of the newly-arrived, or less fortunate, adventurer, which, with its booth-like accommodations and make-shift expedients, reminds you of the cobbler's stall of lyric memory, “which served him for parlour and kitchen and all;” many of the shops present a gay and flourishing appearance, but the true and characteristic place of barter in a colony is the store. That those of Melbourne are worthy rivals of their transatlantic prototypes, the following advertisement of one of their proprietors, supplied us by Mr. Murray, will fully testify:—

“MESSRS. W. AND G. STANWAY.

The following goods remain on sale:—  
West Indian rum in puncheons, } in or out of bond.  
Brandy in quarter casks,  
Geneva in half casks,  
Taylor's stout.  
Dunbar's ale and porter in bottle.  
Port, sherry, Madeira, champagne, and claret, of the first quality, in bottle.  
Port, sherry, and Madeira, in quarter casks.  
Pit saws and files, percussion guns and caps.  
Scotch plough, with three shares, iron wires, sizes.  
Smiths' bellows, anvil, hammers, and vice.  
Hand-mill for corn.  
Havana cigars and negrohead tobacco.  
Bed-ticks, sofas, moreens, chintz furniture.  
Chair webbs, cane-seated chairs.  
A four-wheeled phaeton and gent.'s cab.  
February 23, 1842.”

Of the state of society in the colony Mr. Murray tells us but little; that little, however, is decidedly favourable. Melbourne has escaped the curse of a penal origin, and this is already apparent “in the prevalence of a more elevated tone of thinking and feeling than is generally found in that quarter of the globe.” Our friends at Port Phillip do not, indeed, seem to have left behind them the pettinesses which attend upon our more fictitious state of society. Mr. Murray tells of “dignity balls”—and the pride of the admitted and the heart-burnings of the excluded; these, however, are transient evils, and we suppose unavoidable. It might have been imagined that a colonial population, industrious of necessity and isolated in situation, would have little need of newspapers, and could hardly provide matter to fill their columns. The spirit of journalism, however—one would think it

an ingredient in the composition of the Anglo-Saxon race—seems as strong at Melbourne as amongst ourselves. When Mr. Murray was there, in 1841, there were three papers published twice a-week, and a fourth weekly; and in dearth of matter of more general interest, private quarrels were fought out on these periodical battle-grounds; anonymous duns assailed gentlemen of short memory; smitten youths shot compliments in the dark; and even ladies—our author bears us witness—wielded the pen, and that with no slight force and ingenuity. There may be much in this to excite a smile—some cynics would turn it into frown—but on the whole, the account before us gives proof of the vigorous and advancing state of the colony, and we are not inclined to point to the scaffoldings as disfiguring when we know that they are necessary to the erection of a goodly building.

After remaining some time at Melbourne, Mr. Murray, from a natural desire to see more of the surrounding district and of the habits and occupations of the settlers, joined a friend on an inland expedition, and took to the bush on a bush horse. A bush horse, be it observed, is an animal *sui generis*; but lest we should not do him justice, take his portrait as originally drawn:—

“It is a regular bush horse—versed, as well as its master, in much of the lore that is gathered in the shade of green trees—equally disposed to jodney from sunrise to sunset at a sober walk, or to break into a stretching gallop in pursuit of the half-wild cattle, who defy his rider's efforts to collect them into a body. Cast him adrift, and, though his own paddock be a hundred and fifty miles distant, you will find him, ere the week be over, quietly cropping its well-remembered pastures; or, let the night be dark and your path undistinguishable, and throwing the reins on his neck, no eye is then so keen as his to trace the winding labyrinth that conducts you to the hut and its blazing hearth. His coat is surprisingly sleek and fine, considering that all the grooming he gets is a roll on the grass when his day's work is done. On the near shoulder you see where his master's brand has printed certain initials in ruffled hair; and the forelegs shew that at one time the hobbles have galled the skin: so that now you are prepared to identify him, should these signs ever appear in the pound-keeper's list. Doubtless a critical eye will suggest that the ribs stand out in rather bold relief; and true it is that he parted with much substance during his last journey, in which he accomplished forty miles a day for the best part of a week; his sole fare being the parched herbage covering the few yards of space allotted to him by his tether-rope. Nevertheless, though past the certain ages, and bearing tokens of the wear and tear of hard service, he is still fitted to be a faithful servant; for severe usage is slow to act on the hardy frame and the great powers of endurance which constitute his chief excellencies; and as for spirit, give him the spur, and he will clear a prostrate gum tree in a style that shews the fire of youth has not altogether departed.”

Our travellers are mounted then; ere many miles have separated them from the town the tokens of life and industry have faded away, and the absence of fences and gradual disappearance of cottages warn them that they have entered upon the regions of loneliness. In this respect the woods of Australia are even more desolate than those of the American continent. Hour after hour flits by the wayfarer without bringing one sound to his ear to break the dreary, death-like silence, which seems to oppress him with a sense of coming calamity; and when at length a voice comes forth from the forest, it is some discordant cry which has scarcely startled him with its shrillness ere the gloom of the desert has again fallen around him. These wilds, however, have their mocking-spirit, honoured by the colonists with the euphonious title of *the laughing jackass*. This specimen, as Mr. Murray terms him, of the genus of solemn jokers, is a bird about the size of a jackdaw, but of a form and plumage scarcely more alluring than his voice. “Without a note of preparation, the wood resounds with a prolonged horse-laugh, that seems to rise out of the earth close at hand, and then dies away in the distance. A loud Haw, haw, haw! He, he, he! rings in your ears, and is repeated for a few moments with increased vehemence, till the chorus is wound up by a screech so unearthly as to make you look round for the ‘fiends in upper air,’ who alone could give it utterance.” He has purchased immunity, however, from that fate which his ill-timed merriment might otherwise provoke, by a great activity in destroying snakes. The settlers, therefore, never shoot at him. There is another interruption to the monotony of a journey through the bush, not uncom-

mon, it seems, during the summer season, and of a somewhat alarming character. This is occasioned by the ignition of the withered herbage and brushwood; and though this stream of fire sweeps through the forest tracks, consuming the short grass and every lowly shrub, it seems to leave the trees scatheless, and to offer no further inconvenience to the traveller than is occasioned by the dense vapour and hot air which accompany its progress. Mr. Murray's account of his passage through the burning region almost realizes the fire-ordeal described in the *Epicurean*. However, he came forth from it as free from harm. The destination of our pilgrims at length appears in sight. The journey, amid dark-green forests, which weary the eye with their unchanging hue—the wide, desolate plains—the grassy resting-place, where during the long night the traveller had pillowed his head beneath the clear starlight, to wake from time to time with an aching consciousness of absence from all he loved—all this is past; and the distant hut, with its domestic clamour of dogs and children, gives sure promise of a hearty English greeting. The dwelling of the settler is described as at once neat and commodious: it boasts of its out-houses and barns, a large paddock and trim garden; the waving wheat is carefully fenced in, and the sparkling waters in the natural reservoir prove that the site has not been inconsiderately chosen. The accommodations within are on a similar scale: chairs there are, but these are luxuries; a deal packing-box doing service as a book-case, and a few odd volumes, that begin to fancy themselves standard works from the absence of competition. The fare is that universal in the bush—tea, mutton, and damper; the latter, we believe, is nothing more than a thin mass of dough, which has suffered death by burning, but when the cinders have been scraped off, it seems to be eaten with infinite relish in the backwoods. Although spirits, or indeed any intoxicating liquors, are almost unknown in the inland settlements, chiefly, perhaps, from the difficulty of conveying them in safety to their destination, pipes and tobacco seem to have established a universal dominion. We add Mr. Murray's account of a Divan in the Bush:—

“Dinner is no sooner dispatched, and the last bowl of tea swallowed, than each guest draws forth his tobacco-pouch, and smoke begins to ascend in clouds. Give a thorough bushman his tea and pipe, and his enjoyment is complete. On every emergency, and on every occasion where the tea-kettle is unattainable, you see him appealing to the latter for consolation and advice. On his lonely rides it comes to cheer his spirits, or to wile away the hours when sultry noonday imprisons him to his hut. The perplexities of a doubtful path it helps to smooth away; and many a sheep or horse owes its recovery to the incessant activity of its master's pipe. Among other nations, great store is set by their length; but as things are usually reversed at the antipodes, brevity is here considered the soul of a settler's ‘clay.’ The *ne plus ultra* of perfection is to shorten the stalk to within a degree of blistering your lips; and if you add to that a colour like the blackness of a coal, yours is a rival, and becomes the admiration of bushmen's eyes. On a winter's night, many are the measurements that take place regarding the coveted shortness, while a party is assembled round the blazing logs; and many the comparisons touching the much-desired ebony complexion; and much contention is aroused according as victory is decided one way or another; and rumours run of certain defeated pipes being dyed, in secret, of a superlative jet, by their owners, and then coming forth to strike dismay into their opponents. Pipes such as these, of extraordinary merit, are too precious to be carelessly handled, and are usually enshrined in cases of silver, by which they are protected from all accidents by field and flood; but the ordinary practice is to wear them in the hatband, after the graceful fashion adopted by the Irish pen-santry.”

On the whole, the life of a settler, if he have not fixed his post on the extreme limits of the colony, seems to bring with it more of pleasure than hardship. As mutton is his chief aliment, so wool is his chief care; and, excepting at shearing-time, when there is unusual bustle at the station, he seems to enjoy a fair proportion of leisure, and to be burdened with no very harassing duties. In the morning he canters round his station or visits his outposts, and the rest of the day is employed in those varied additions to the comfort or luxuries of his homestead for which a forest settlement ever gives room. Neither let it be imagined that he has no wild sport or exciting pursuit to diversify his tranquil existence. We shall give one more extract from Mr. Murray's work, written with a gusto and spirit which would argue him an Australian Nimrod. We

doubt whether even the well-appointed fox-hunter of Melton would have any reason to look scornfully upon the seemingly unpromising chase after a runaway bullock.

"Once in two or three months, it is necessary to 'muster' the cattle, in order to see what casualties have occurred during the period they have been running wild. Of all the operations about a station, this is the most troublesome and full of peril. Wandering as the cattle do, in the most sequestered spots, the presence of man rarely intruding on their solitude, they grow up in a semi-savage state; and, like the other untamed denizens of the forest, betake themselves to flight at his approach. Woe betide the unhappy wight who follows in pursuit and boasts not of an eagle eye, a strong arm, and a firm seat on his horse. He requires all three, and no small fund of nerve besides, who drives at headlong speed through the forest; a very different affair from galloping over an open country. If you possess these essentials, or think you do, and are a visitor in the bush, then your host will probably inform you, some fine morning, that he will be greatly obliged by the favour of your company to aid him in driving into the yard a herd that has been running wild for some months. He puts into your hand a stock-whip, a formidable weapon, whose lash is usually five or six times the length of the handle, which seldom exceeds eighteen inches in length; mounts you on a horse trained to the sport; and you are now equipped for a steeple-chase of a desp-rate kind, disguised though it be under the modest name of cattle-driving. On your way to the haunts of the cattle, your friend will perhaps give you a lesson in the art of wielding your whip; how to whirl the long lash round your head, and make the woods ring with its sharp crack; and how you must 'lay on,' when at close quarters; but forget not to be merciful, as the tip of that thong will pierce the thickest hide and cause the blood to spring. Arrived at the run, you catch a glimpse of the cattle, which desist from feeding on desecrating the party. A commotion seems to arise among them; and then, as if at the word of command, they are off with one accord; 'heads down, tails up,' is the attitude, and they vanish like wind. In the next instant your horse is on their track, whether you will or no; for he enters into the spirit of the chase as keenly as an old hunter; and all your anxiety is summoned to avoid being dashed against the trees which flit past in dangerous proximity. No easy matter it is to thread, at full gallop, the throng of stems that rise before your path. At any other time you would pick your steps with caution; but now, with your horse tearing through them furiously, you cannot tell how soon you may be a crushed and mangled object, struck down by some giant of the woods you have been too late in shunning. Twisting incessantly to the right or left as needs be—now bending low to escape an overhanging branch, leaping over logs and water-runs, clattering through acres of rough blocks of stone—you still manage to keep the herd in sight, which luckily heads towards the stock-yard. There is a flanker, however, who seems inclined to part company from the 'mob;' he edges away for a little space; then hesitates, and finally makes a rush up a gentle slope to the right. 'Follow him!' is the cry from your leader, who meanwhile spurs after the main body, which still keeps together. Favoured by the slight rise, which tells upon the endurance of the fugitive, you rapidly lessen your distance from him. A few bounds more will bring you alongside; you are preparing your whip for action, when, lo! he suddenly vanishes from sight, and you find yourself gazing upon empty space. Pull up for your life: another stride, and horse and rider would have taken a flight into eternity. What is this? Advance a little and look down. You are on the brink of one of those singular watercourses, by which the surface, in some districts, is deeply furrowed; and which give no warning of their presence, until you stand on the brow of a steep bank and behold a yawning gulf at your feet. Down this the animal has precipitated itself with reckless haste; and, wondering how it has obtained a footing, you trace its descent by the broken shrubs and branches through which it has plunged. At one spot it has slid a dozen feet or more, dislodging, in its flight, an avalanche of earth and stones; and on seeing this, you shake your head, think the upturned soil very like a newly-made grave, and begin to doubt whether a two-year old is worth the putting your neck in such imminent jeopardy. Presently the chase comes into view, clambering up the opposite bank, which it ascends with wonderful agility; though, at times, it is brought to a dead stop by a nearly insurmountable crag. At length the summit is gained, and once more it vanishes, but not without brandishing its tail in derision of the baffled pursuer. This is not to be endured: down you go in the same moment, and arrive at the bottom with a confused recollection of slipping, sliding, and crashing through shrubs and boughs; one-half of the descent being performed while your heels are suspended in the neighbourhood of your horse's ears. Then comes the ascent; and no shame to your horsemanship if you seize hold of the mane to keep yourself from falling

off; and, perchance, you breathe a prayer or two, to the effect that the saddle-girths may be all secure, and that you may not be launched by their breaking, like an arrow from a catapult, from your dizzy position down to the depths of the abyss below, where a short shrive would be your portion, if not a speedy death. The level plain, stretching away before you, is at last attained, and your panting steed needs no urging to overtake the distant runaway, whose slackened pace bears witness to the severity of its previous exertions. Again it is placed within arm's length; and this time you inflict a small dose of chastisement with the dreaded lash, though not with impunity. Its sluggish blood is stirred, and the wide horns make a rush towards you, the consequences of which are only avoided by your horse darting aside so nimbly as nearly to swing you out of the saddle; and you narrowly escape being impaled upon that horned front. More cautiously the whip is again applied; but all to no purpose: he is in a sullen humour, and his fiery eyes are watching a moment to do mischief. Be wary, therefore, and desist from provoking his savage nature; and, perhaps, when the fit has passed away, you will find him tractable enough to yield to the oft-repeated crack of the whip, and rejoin his comrades at the station."

It will be obvious that we have dwelt chiefly upon the lighter portions of Mr. Murray's work, and those which are most likely to interest the general reader; it must not, however, be supposed that it is on those that he has expended the greatest care, or that from them his book derives its greatest value. Our limits prevent us from entering upon the many questions which demand the attention of the emigrant; and even were it not so, we would rather refer the inquirers on these subjects to the pages of our author, than give a curtailed and perhaps incorrect account of them. We can safely recommend "A Summer at Port Philip" to all who are anxious to obtain a knowledge of the present state of that colony.

*The Cape of Good Hope and the Eastern Province of Algoa Bay, &c. &c., with Statistics of the Colony.* By JOHN CENTLIVRES CHASE, Esq., a Settler of 1820, Secretary to the Society for Exploring Central Africa, &c. &c. Edited by Joseph S. Christophers, London, 1843. Pelham Richardson.

To a native-born Englishman, whether resident abroad or at home, a faithful record of the early growth of the colonies, to which his country owes so large a share of her prosperity and national glory, is always deeply interesting; and it would be thus, even were we not suffering from a redundant and rapidly increasing population, and did they yield no beneficial results to us as a nation.

It is natural that our sympathies should extend to those who, finding their energies cramped, and the avenues to prosperity blocked up by numbers in their native land, sacrifice the endearing ties of family, home, and friendship, to go forth and push a hazardous fortune in foreign climes. But were he of so cold or phlegmatic a nature as to remain unmoved by affections of this kind, there are abundant reasons, founded directly on self-interest, why he should attentively examine whatever is said on the subject of emigration, and weigh dispassionately in his mind the value of the countries, as affecting this, to which no inconsiderable portion of our surplus population and capital are annually directed.

The time has indeed come, on this favoured and prosperous island, when broad and easy outlets are imperatively demanded for her over-thronged people, and new fields need to be opened for the profitable employment of that opulence which, under Providence, she has acquired. To provide these, as far as they may, by devising a judicious scheme for emigration, is the duty of the government for the time being, (it matters not whether Whig or Tory); for it is strictly a non-political question. All men are nearly or remotely affected by it; it therefore behoves them to acquaint themselves as familiarly as possible with the subject in all its bearings.

Though the fact that the book now before us bears on its title-page the name of a gentleman, as editor, whom we recognized as the agent of an Emigration Company, made us at

first look at it with suspicion; it has been, we confess, with no slight edification and instruction that we have perused it. Of the many works, treating of the several dependencies of the British Crown, which we have examined, none has so greatly interested us, or left behind so favourable an impression on the whole, as this. A residence of some twenty years and upwards in the colony, during which he had most favourable opportunities for observation, had fully qualified the author for the task of writing a useful and comprehensive book on that favoured country. Successfully has he performed it. After giving a succinct and well-digested narrative of the history of the colony from its discovery to the present time, he unfolds, with apparent pleasure, its varied natural capabilities and attractions. The climate, soil, seasons, natural history, and general economy of the country are ably despatched on; he gives seasonable and (as far as we can judge) sincere advice to intending emigrants, and throws out not a few valuable suggestions for the improvement of the executive government, by a remodelling of its entire constitution. It is true, he steeps most things in *couleur de rose*; but his very prejudices bear on their face the stamp of honesty. He loves and he hates heartily. He describes the country enthusiastically, because it is clear he has himself enjoyed it, and he believes it admirably fitted to afford the like to others. However, not to be affected by his partialities or dislikes, the very facts, statistical and other, which he has diligently collected, and the deliberately expressed opinions of men whose known character places them above imputation of falsehood, speak loudly, and, in our opinion, conclusively, in favour of this, the only colony of Great Britain whose society has been uncontaminated by convict admixture.

Our space will not permit the indulgence of as free quotation as we could wish; we subjoin, however, a parallel which the author has drawn between the other great colonies belonging to this country and that in which he resides. It conveys a fair notion of the remainder of the work:—

"It may seem invidious to panegyrize the Cape colony at the expense of other British settlements; but still it is at all events perfectly justifiable to shew in what particular points it may be compared or contrasted with those other colonies, to which the tide of emigration has so constantly flowed for the last twenty years, during which period the Cape, while silently and unostentatiously prospering, has remained unknown or neglected, through our own apathy; whilst emigrants also have gone further and fared worse.

"The Canadas have the advantage over the Cape of proximity to the British shores, the consequent smaller cost of transport for the emigrant, and the means of frequent intercourse with home. They are also rich, fertile, and extensive, and possess internal water communication, all which capabilities promise to transform them, in process of time, into a splendid empire; but Canada has a tedious and an iron winter to sustain, requiring, during the brief interval of summer, the anxious preparation of food, both for man and beast, during that inclement season. The temperature, too, is particularly trying to the European constitution, varying from 50 deg. below zero, to the extremes of tropical heat, from the effects of which changes a great number of our poor countrymen, and especially the young and delicate, have perished before they could become acclimatized. Besides a long catalogue of other discomforts, the emigrant is subject to the initiative process of a seasoning fever, which not infrequently leaves, as the consequences of its ravages, a proneness to disease. Now, although the vicissitudes of temperature are perhaps more considerable in the Cape colony than in any other part of the globe, they do not endanger the tenure of life or embitter its existence. The weather throughout the year is genial, and even the frail covering of a tent is quite sufficient to protect its inmates from any injurious effects, either from heat or cold. This was tested by the immigrants of 1820, all of whom resided under canvas for a considerable period, and some for full twelve months after their arrival, without suffering the least incon-



venience or loss of health, and this too in the winter season, during which they arrived in their respective locations. The impunity too with which not only the natives, but new comers, expose themselves on the long journeys they are frequently compelled to make, sleeping out nightly in the open air, is a proof of the superior nature of the Cape atmosphere. Canada again demands from the emigrant the outlay of a much larger capital than is required at the Cape; there the primeval forest has to be first removed, and the soil the settler intends to cultivate must be reclaimed from the wilderness before he can expect the smallest return for the heaviest description of labour. All this is to be effected in the short season of summer, during which he has to provide for the wants of at least a seven months' cessation from external labours. At the Cape, on the contrary, small means are quite adequate; the ground is not more encumbered than is sufficient to embellish the scenery, and to supply timber and fuel; the soil is ready fitted for the reception of the plough, vegetation is rapid, and there is abundance of pasturage throughout the year for all descriptions of stock, without having recourse to the expensive process of clearing or laying down artificial grasses. Admitting, then, all the immense natural capabilities of the Canadian provinces, and their great promise of future national greatness, so soothing to the vanity of the emigrant, as regards the country he adopts, it cannot be concealed that he has to exercise great powers of endurance before he can overcome the difficulties of his transplantation to such a climate.

"The colonies of New South Wales and Van Diemen's Land in many points resemble the Cape, but the only case in which they surpass the latter is in the possession of some few land-locked estuaries, where safe anchorage for shipping may be obtained. In climate (especially Van Diemen's Land) they are both decidedly inferior; in soil, hardly equal; in pasturage, if we may judge from the testimony of competent persons, who have visited and compared the one with the other, the Cape has been pronounced much superior, more particularly for sheep; while, in the recurrence of those periodical and destructive visitations, drought, New South Wales is by far the most frequently afflicted, and for more protracted periods. New South Wales and Van Diemen's Land, again, compared with the Cape, are twice the distance from the parent state, and all the hallowed associations of home; twice the distance from the country to which their most important product, wool, must be transmitted. This gives our colony the advantage of nearly a two months' start in the London market, the Cape being the nearest wool-growing colony to Europe of any which has yet been, or can be, established. This difference, too, in respect of distance, has other disadvantages, the emigrant to New South Wales has to pay a heavier cost for all articles of European manufacture, and he incurs a greater expenditure in freight and insurance, without one farthing addition to the price he receives for his exports, besides an enormous sacrifice of time, a matter of serious consideration to the man of business. Another and more serious objection to these long and tedious passages from Europe is, that they have been found fatally injurious to infant life, and a family emigrating to the Australian or any other distant colony undertakes, indeed, a fearful responsibility, when it exposes its young and delicate branches to the chances of destruction during such a lengthened sea voyage. In one vessel alone, the *Lloyds*, bound to New Zealand last year, no less than fifty-seven children out of eighty-one died during her voyage from London, and other cases of frightful mortality are by no means uncommon. In voyages to this colony, on the contrary, few such distressing scenes occur. In the *Chapman* transport, for instance, one of the vessels employed in 1820, to bring to Algoa Bay the first party of settlers, and which, from its lowness between decks, was exceedingly unwholesome, only eight children out of 101 died, and no adults, although there were 246 passengers and thirty-five of the ship's company on board. The early part of the passage was in the very depth of that most inclement winter season, and the weather was particularly boisterous; a similar favourable report is known to have been made by all the other ships employed on the same emigration.\* It has also been observed, that out of the 750 children sent out within the last few years to the Cape, by 'the Children's Friend Society,'

only two died at sea, one by accident, and the other by disease contracted in England, which at once shews the advantage enjoyed by the Cape colony in this highly important particular. Adverting to the affair of the *Lloyds*, the editor of the 'South African Commercial Advertiser' ably and justly observed—'In cases like the present, one feels as if violence had been committed. They resemble massacres. The poor infants cannot choose but go, and it appears to us, in such circumstances, they cannot choose but die.'

"There is, however, another, and by far a more serious objection to these settlements, and that is, that they are convict colonies, and though the penal system is now partly abolished, a long lapse of years must take place before the moral stain can be effaced, and all its injurious consequences cease to operate. The Cape, on the contrary, is not, and never has been, a convict colony, and the most insuperable objection exists in the minds of the inhabitants, even to the importation of a single convict labourer to be employed upon the public works; the coloured population of this and every other colony is already sufficiently vicious, and needs not the influence of evil example for further contamination, while the dense jungle, with which a considerable portion of the country is covered, would afford a dangerous covert to the bush-ranger and bandit, enabling them, by combination, to set a large force at defiance; but which no prudent government will ever do with respect to the Cape, the high road to the Australasian colonies, and the key of India and Ceylon.

"It may, perhaps, be urged that at all events the Australian colonies are exempt from the serious losses and constant annoyances from depredations upon their borders, such as are suffered on the borders of the eastern province of the Cape colony. But it should be remembered, that serious as are the occasional inroads of the Kafir tribes, and distressing their constant plunderings, they are confined to the actual frontier and its immediate neighbourhood. That these aggressions have been overlooked merely to gratify an amiable but false philanthropy, and could easily be repressed by an independent and vigorous government, unawed by a mistaken party, and determined to render equal justice, neither to do nor 'suffer wrong,' no colonist doubts for a moment. The Australian colonies are not, however, exempt from danger and from Kafir outrage; already there appear strong indications of grievous and murderous hostilities on the part of their aboriginal tribes, while their own runaway convicts render life and property much more insecure than in any part of the Cape colony. The disproportion between the sexes in these last-named settlements, too, seems a frightful source of crime, from which the Cape colony is happily exempt."

We greatly regret that our limited space precludes further extract from this instructive book. To the projecting emigrant who hopes for a prosperous home in the far east, the south, or west, we urgently recommend a perusal of it before he decides on the country where he shall settle. It matters little what may be the prejudices of its author, seeing that—to put him out of the question—the statistical facts herein collected are of themselves conclusive in favour of this thriving colony, in preference to the United States, or the several remote dependencies of Great Britain. There is no doubt, in our mind, that from this extreme point of Africa the moral regeneration of that vast continent is destined to proceed. Who, then, amongst us, can forbear looking towards it with interest? Already have the settlers spread their territory to a distance of *six hundred miles*; within this space, dotted over a luxuriant country, lie comfortable homesteads where the peaceful, productive arts of civilisation are pursued. The hills, which of late echoed back the war-whoop of the cruel savage, now reverberate to the valleys the blessed music of the Sabbath-bell; the cheering hum of schools arrests the ear of the traveller; the plough is in motion; the steam-engine hisses; and the printing-press is at work for the benefit and the improvement of all.

We cannot close our notice of this book without thanking its author for the industry and ability which he has brought to bear on his task. His zealous address to the labour-

ing classes of the United Kingdom appears to be disinterested and sincere; if it be not, then has he gratuitously incurred a sin of a heinous nature, and deserving of the severest punishment. We conclude by strongly recommending this book to the attention of our readers.

*Narrative of the Discoveries on the North Coast of America, effected by the Officers of the Hudson's Bay Company, during the years 1836-9. By THOMAS SIMPSON, Esq. London, 1843. Bentley.*

THE history of British maritime discovery, as a record of private enterprise, is without a parallel. Other nations have equalled, or surpassed, us in the glory of geographical research, undertaken by their Governments at the public cost, but nowhere do we read of such sacrifices in the cause of science being made by individuals, or by companies of men, as in the annals of our own island. Our traders have done what our statesmen have neglected to do, and, commissioned by them, our ships and sailors have explored the uttermost parts of the ocean, and our hardy travellers have mapped the form of the earth in regions reputed so inhospitable that no man could hope to enter them and live.

Of late years, the tide of investigation has been turned towards the northern regions of America—a huge space, which upon the maps of no very ancient date appears as a blank, without so much as an outline to mark the boundary of land and ocean. That vast tract is a blank no longer. The features of almost the entire continent are distinctly traced, and some of the minutest shades are already filled in. We know where land ends and sea begins; we have the tracks of rivers, the indications of mountains. We can learn something of its geology and natural history, and the region of cloud is now fairly brought within the domain of reality.

For this glorious result we are but little indebted to the Government, which is still, as English Governments ever have been, lavish of money for wars, pensions, and sinecures, but miserly in its bestowings upon science and art. To the Hudson's Bay Company belongs the praise of enterprises, conceived in generosity and accomplished with courage; enterprises that reflect honour upon the country whose citizens could thus sacrifice something of their commercial gains to the cause of science.

We do not pretend that all the explorations recorded by Mr. Simpson were purely patriotic. There is no doubt that some of them were dictated by a desire to open new hunting-grounds to the company. But there is manifest throughout a most creditable desire to take advantage of a mercantile speculation for higher objects, and no expense was spared to combine with the search for territory rich in furs, an accurate scientific survey of coast and country, as a contribution to the sum of human knowledge, and for which gratitude is undoubtedly due, and will be acknowledged by posterity.

Mr. Simpson's work is a narrative, simple and unadorned, of the results of four years of these enterprises of the company; and a more exciting story of adventure, a record more creditable to British courage, humanity, and intelligence, has seldom been offered to the public. Here is a passage which will worthily introduce the reader to the spirit of the pages that succeed it:—

"Besides extensive purchases of grain and provisions for their transport and other service, the company annually expends large sums at Red River, in various works of public utility, such as experimental farming, erecting churches and other buildings, endowing schools, affording medical aid gratis to the poor, encouraging domestic manufactures, maintaining an armed police, dispensing justice, and in contributing to the support of two Protestant clergymen, of a Roman Catholic bishop, and three priests from Canada. These self-denying men are exemplary in their lives, zealous and inde-

\* The eight dying on board the *Chapman* were replaced by eight born during the voyage.

fatigable in their benevolent labours, among the fruits of which may be reckoned the conversion and location of a great number of Indians, of the Cree and Saulteaux, or Chipewa, nations. To compensate this heavy outlay, the company has hitherto derived no return, for the occasional sale of lands does not even defray the cost of the survey, they being in most instances bestowed gratis, though regularly purchased from the Indians, and the fur trade of the surrounding country has been long ago ruined by the colony; but under the company's fostering care a population of 5,000 souls has been nurtured, and a comfortable retreat has been provided for such of its retired officers and servants as prefer spending the evening of life, with their native families, in this oasis of the desert, to returning to the countries of their nativity.

Indian lads, educated in the Church Missionary Society's school at Red River, have been sent to instruct their countrymen in various parts of the company's territory. In the countries of the Columbia and New Caledonia, to the westward of the great Rocky Mountain chain, the missionary labours promise considerable success. There the climate is softened by the influences of the Pacific; food is abundant; the numerous natives do not lead the same solitary wandering lives as the eastern tribes, but dwell together in villages. They are endowed with greater capacity and quickness of apprehension; are more pliant and tractable in temper; are fond of imitating the customs of white men; and now receive, with eagerness, the truths of Christianity, from those upon whom but a few years ago they perpetrated the most barbarous murders; but the fever and ague, to which the country is very subject, has of late thinned their numbers. The company's principal chaplain resides at their dépôt of Fort Vancouver, on the north side of the Columbia river, where agriculture, rearing of stock, and other commercial operations, are prosecuted on a great scale. The same enlightened body has, of late years, liberally assisted American missionaries employed in instructing the dissolute maritime tribes, and in founding an American colony on the Willamette, a southern tributary of the Columbia; and has since conveyed across the mountains several Canadian priests, who, under the authority of the bishop at Red River, are gone to form another British settlement on the shores of Puget's Sound—the nucleus of a future empire in the far west."

We have not space to follow Mr. Simpson through his dangers and toils, and we have the less need to do so, inasmuch as we have no doubt that his work will pass through all the book-clubs and be placed upon the shelf of every circulating library. We close this short notice with two passages, interesting in themselves, and which can scarcely fail to tempt to a perusal of the book, from which they are taken almost at random.

#### BARRY ISLANDS.

"Compensated by my fortunate discovery of several pieces of pure copper ore. They were lying among the débris at the foot of a crumbling rock, which had evidently fallen from the trap hills above. The cliffs were everywhere stained with verdigris, indicating the presence of the metal, which undoubtedly abounds in these islands. Coloured quartz crystals and vesicles were frequent, and I preserved specimens of the leading rocks, both here and all along the coast. Barry Islands contain several fine deep harbours, completely land-locked and sheltered from every wind. Should these seas ever be navigated by ships, this would form a good half-way wintering station between Barrow's and Behring's Straits; and the mines might be wrought from May to August, before the ice would admit of prosecuting the voyage. The tides and currents in the inlet are exceedingly irregular, depending on the winds and ice; but on no occasion did I notice a change of more than one foot in the water-level. Deer were numerous, including for the first time does with their fawns, now well grown. Sinclair shot two fat bucks; and, on his return, was followed by a barren-ground bear with her two cubs, attracted by the smell of the meat he was carrying. On his throwing down his burden, they scampered off, before he could get his gun ready. The young ptarmigan was strong on the wing; and herds of seals lay basking on the ice near this island. Stone traps, old paddles, and other vestiges indicated the

occasional abode of Esquimaux, who use turf as well as wood for fuel. A small lake not far from our encampment was still frozen."

#### CAPE ALEXANDER.

"On the 23rd the coast led somewhat more to the northward. The travelling was exceedingly painful; the beach and slopes of the hills being formed of loose stones, varied here and there by moss, and an ample number of brooks and streams. We, however, advanced with spirit, all hands being in eager expectation respecting the great northern land, which seemed interminable. Along its distant shore the beams of the declining sun were reflected from a broad channel of open water; while, on the coast we were tracing, the ice still lay immovable, and extended many miles to seaward. As we drew near in the evening an elevated cape, land appeared all round, and our worst fears seemed confirmed. With bitter disappointment I ascended the height, from whence a vast and splendid prospect burst suddenly upon me. The sea, as if transformed by enchantment, rolled its free waves at my feet, and beyond the reach of vision to the eastward. Islands of various shape and size overspread its surface; and the northern land terminated to the eye in a bold and lofty cape, bearing east-north-east, thirty or forty miles distant, while the continental coast trended away south-east. I stood, in fact on a remarkable headland, at the eastern outlet of an ice-obstructed strait. On the extensive land to the northward I bestowed the name of our most gracious sovereign Queen Victoria. Its eastern visible extremity I called Cape Pelly, in compliment to the governor of the Hudson's Bay Company; and the promontory where we encamped Cape Alexander, after an only brother, who would give his right-hand to be the sharer of my journeys.

"Cape Alexander is a rounded, rocky ridge, covered with loose stones, four miles in width, and two or three hundred feet high. Its western part is situated in lat. 68 deg. 56 min. N., long. 106 deg. 40 min. W. The rise and fall of the tide here was little short of three feet, being the greatest yet observed by us in the Arctic seas. The weather was calm, and the tide falling, when we halted. A considerable quantity of loose ice passed to the westward, and floated back again as the water rose in the morning, affording a seeming presumption that the flood came from that quarter. A solitary deer bounded up the ascent, and along the shore ran a path beaten by those animals. Sinclair wounded one of a small herd of musk-cattle that were grazing on the banks of a lake behind the cape, but it escaped. Esquimaux marks stood upon the heights, but no recent trace of inhabitants could be found."

#### SCIENCE.

*The Zoist, a Journal of Cerebral Science.* Published quarterly. Balliere.

INCREDULITY is the instant emotion when the phenomena of mesmerism are narrated to those who have not witnessed them. Instantly they are pronounced to be impossible, with as indignant a tone as the wise men of old declared it to be impossible that the earth could roll round the sun.

And many there are who, even when they see, will not believe. Upon the principle enunciated by Hume, in his essay on miracles, "that it is more probable that the senses of any number of spectators should be deceived than that a miracle should take place," they gaze—they touch—they put forth their utmost skill to detect imposture, and, though baffled, persist in asserting that imposture there must be, if they could but find it out.

And, unfortunately, so numerous are the impostures that have been practised by the quacks who ever hang upon the skirts of science, for the purpose of turning curiosity to profitable account, that but too many plausible excuses are afforded for those who have not seen to laugh, and for those who have seen to doubt even the testimony of their own senses.

We were once as sceptical as the most incredulous; we are satisfied now that there is in mesmerism a mystery of existence which ought to be solemnly investigated, since it must throw light upon many of those secrets respecting the relationship of mind and matter which have perplexed philosophers from the beginning of the world.

The first question that presents itself is this: can

mesmerism be altogether an imposture, or, to use a popular phrase, "is there something in it?"

We do not remember to have heard even those most hostile to it assert that it is entirely a fraud; that every case of mesmeric sleep is a plot between the patient and the operator; and that every child who has endured pain without flinching, and exhibited powers above the usual capacities of children, was, in the entire of its doings, from the first lapse into seeming insensibility to the moment of waking, acting a part which it would try the courage and the ability of the best actor the world ever beheld to play with such perfect imitation of reality.

There are, we repeat, few, if any, who have witnessed the mesmeric experiments, who will venture to assert that *all* is fiction; they admit the sleep, but they say it is the ordinary case of somnambulism—as if that was not as mystical as mesmerism!

But it surprises us that the objectors do not see that, having admitted the reality of the state of sleep, or coma (we are anxious in this article to avoid technicalities as much as possible), they can no longer dispute the truth of the phenomena exhibited in that state; for, however they may question whether the sayings and doings of the patients be not the consummate skill of impostors, they will, we should think, scarcely venture to affirm that imposture could be carried on in a state of veritable somnambulism. They must either deny the entire of the phenomena, or admit that there is no imposture in parts. But it is remarkable that few go so far as to deny the reality of that which is called the mesmeric or somnambulist state, yet do they strangely dispute the phenomena exhibited in that state. This inconsistency will be apparent to all, when pointed out, and we should much like to hear what reply the objectors can give to it.

If our view be correct, the first question to be determined is, whether the peculiar condition of existence exhibited by patients in a state of mesmeric sleep be actual or feigned; for, if it be actual, the reality of the doings in that state cannot philosophically be doubted. This first question we now proceed to consider.

Perhaps a simple narrative of that which we have witnessed will be the best mode of treating the subject, and we wish it to be understood that we (that is, the Editor of THE CRITIC) pledge ourselves to the accuracy of the following.

We have seen three cases of mesmerism, and we will take them in the order of time.

The first was a very remarkable case, which has not hitherto been made public; but it occurred in our own family, was beheld by an entire household for many months, and can be strictly confirmed in every particular by a number of witnesses.

A near relative of the writer was attacked, about the age of fourteen, with a disease which the doctors termed hysteria, but which we are now satisfied was natural mesmerism; at the time of its occurrence we had not thought of mesmerism but as an imposture, as it was termed by the medical and other journals, and, therefore, we did not then refer the phenomena to that source. But we have little doubt now that such was its character.

The case in question commenced with partial catalepsy, and this gradually gave place to a state precisely resembling the mesmeric sleep. As often as ten or twelve times in the day, this young lady, in the midst of her ordinary occupations, was seized with this strange affection. Her eyes closed, her jaw fell, her limbs relaxed, and, to all appearance, she had fallen into a deep sleep. But in this condition, with the external aspect of sleep, she seemed to have entered upon a new state of existence. Owing to the dropping of the jaw, she was unable to articulate, but she made sounds significant of her wishes and feelings, and signed with her hands for whatever she desired or disliked. In this state the sense of hearing was preternaturally quickened, so that she could distinguish coming foot-steps long before they were audible to us, and even before the comer was within view in the roadway that led to the house. She disliked in this state many of the persons—her father, for instance—whom she loved in her waking state, and expressed the greatest agitation when they approached. Her eyes were always fast closed throughout the attack, yet she saw and made signs for things that lay in distant parts of the room, and, strange though it seems, she often asked for things that lay behind a thick curtain, and when the attendant touched the wrong one, loudly expressed disapprobation, although the curtain was between them, and we could not so much as distinguish the outline of the form through



the folds. In this state she played cards well, still with her eyes closed and her head recumbent, in a position at which the angle of vision, had the eyes been open, would not have enabled her to see the cards; and stranger still, she played backgammon with skill, in like manner, though when awake she knew nothing whatever of the game. Her greatest delight was to have a book of pictures opened before her, and then, with her eyes still fast closed, and the book held out of the angle of vision, she would imitate the actions of the figures in the picture, as if she were describing it by signs. These attacks varied in duration from ten minutes to an hour. At their close she yawned three times, opened her eyes, and in a minute or two returned to her ordinary employments. In reply to repeated questions, she informed us that she had no remembrance of any thing that had occurred during the sleep. She only said that she had fallen asleep, and that she had no recollection even as of a dream. These attacks continued for more than two years, but gradually diminishing in frequency, and have now wholly disappeared.

As we have said, we had heard little of mesmerism then, and had seen nothing of it. We wondered at the phenomena; but it never entered our thoughts to attribute them to any other source than the doctors indicated, hysteria. For this reason we did not try the various experiments which such a case would have suggested to us now, and a golden opportunity was lost for throwing light upon the mystery, if indeed, as we now suspect, the case we have narrated was one of natural mesmerism. It occurred about six years ago.

The second case we beheld was that of a patient of Dr. Elliotson, and was exhibited to a large company in his drawing-room. In a quarter of an hour, the girl was thrown into a state precisely similar in aspect to that we had seen in the relative above alluded to. In this state, she obeyed all the doctor's commands as indicated by the motions of the hand, which are called *the passes*. The limbs were stiffened or relaxed, the muscles moved, the eyelids were raised, the lips made to smile, the arm lifted, and as it were turned into marble, so motionless was it, at the will of the operator. We should have gone away still doubting whether we had not been deceived by collusion between the doctor and his patient, had we not, with his permission, tried the experiments ourselves. To be assured that she did not see the motion of our hand, we went behind her, made the passes in a position where, if her eyes had been open instead of shut, she could not have seen them, and instantly the muscles obeyed the motion, and the arm was lifted, the eyelid raised, the lips smiled as perfectly as they had done in the presence of the doctor.

We left this spectacle with scepticism shaken, but still far from convinced; we were inclined almost to doubt the evidence of our senses, and rather to suppose our own eyes deluded, than that things should be which appeared so contrary to all experience.

The third case is of very recent occurrence, and is so interesting, and was witnessed under such satisfactory circumstances, that the reader will excuse our describing it somewhat at length.

It was about a month since that we were invited by a learned friend, who, like us, was a sceptic in the matter, to see a case which was then in his room. On entering we found only four other persons there, namely, a Dr. Collyer, a respectable-looking young woman, our friend, and a pretty child, said to be eleven years of age, but we should have supposed her younger, who, with her eyes closed, was walking about and talking in a very lively manner. We saw at once that she was in precisely the same condition as the two other patients we have described, only walking about, which neither of them did. Dr. Collyer informed us that she was the daughter of respectable parents in London, gave us her address, and then requesting that we would satisfy ourselves that there was no imposture, by trying the experiments with our own hands, he retired to a seat at the further corner of the room, leaving the child to be dealt with by us at our pleasure.

Her eyes were tightly closed throughout the experiments—that we strictly watched. In this state she told us the colour of our gloves, and of our clothes. We went behind her, and asked her to shake hands; she turned and put her hand straight into ours, without any of the groping about which persons in a natural state with closed eyes would exhibit, when asked to perform a like movement;

and this she repeated many times, proving that it was not accidental. She asked for various books and things that were lying about the table, pointing to them, but still with closed lids.

We next proceeded to try the power of reading with bandaged eyes. We procured a thick cotton travelling neckerchief, and folding it some six or eight folds thick, we bound it over our own eyes, to be assured if it were possible to see through it or under it through the space produced by the bridge of the nose. Not a ray of light could we discern. We then bound it carefully over the eyes of the child, which were closed, and, tying it in front, turned the ends of the handkerchief under the bandage on either side of the nose, so as entirely to close any aperture there. To make assurance doubly sure, we put on our gloves and placed the gloved hand tight over the handkerchief, pressing it against the face all round the eyes, so as to prevent the possibility of a ray of light finding entrance. To make a pretended reading from memory impossible, we then took from our pocket the *Athenæum*, published on that morning, and wet from the press, and placed upon the table before the child thus blinded the *page of advertisements*!! Instantly she read down one of the columns as rapidly as we could have done with open eyes, making mistakes only in the pronunciation of proper names!

Wonderful as this appears, we pledge ourselves to its literal truth. There could have been in this no possible collusion or deception. Nobody was near her but our friend and us, and we are sure that both hand and handkerchief were covering the eyes of the patient.

We then put before her a French newspaper, the *National*. She stammered over the first few words, and then said she could not make out what the words were. After a little while, she complained of the small (pearl) type of the advertisements, and asked for some larger print; we then opened the *Athenæum* at various places, and other newspapers and books in like manner, and she read them all with equal correctness.

Curious to investigate the *modus operandi*, we asked her how she read—what she saw—if she knew that her eyes were covered—whether the hand appeared transparent to her, and if she saw the print through it, or how? Her constant reply was, "No, I do not see through your hand. I see your hand first, and then I see the print." It is remarkable that when we placed our hand upon the page, covering the type, she ceased to see, and said, "Take away your hand; how can I read when your hand is over it?" and this, though she read fluently when the hand and the handkerchief were before her eyes.

Another series of phenomena were then accidentally produced. We were talking about the wonder we had witnessed, and, while doing so, stood with one hand upon the child's head. Hitherto she had been in a most gentle and almost affectionate mood. But suddenly she turned, tore open our coat, struck and kicked us, and it was as much as two of us could do to hold her. Dr. Collyer, seeing the struggle, came to her, and saying that we had probably touched combativeness or destructiveness (as indeed we had) while holding her, placed his finger upon the site of the organ of benevolence, and in a moment the fury departed, she threw herself into his arms, and entreated forgiveness, hoping she had not hurt us.

To this time, we had never thought of the phrenological developments which are alleged to be exhibited in mesmerism; but thus reminded of the allegations of its professors, we resolved to put them to the test, and, requesting Dr. Collyer to retire again, so that we might be assured that collusion was impossible, we proceeded to the trial.

It would be tedious to relate all the details of this experiment. It will suffice to assure the reader that it perfectly succeeded. Every organ we touched exhibited its peculiar manifestation, and with such rapidity of change, that we should suppose the best trained impostor never could have accomplished it. We can only say, that if her motions on that occasion were a piece of acting, and that she had been taught when the finger touched certain parts of the head to do certain things, she has the most consummate genius for an actress the world has ever seen. Frequently, to test her, we named one organ and touched another, but invariably the manifestation was of that touched, and so perfect were her movements, that a person entirely ignorant of phrenology could not have

failed to discover on the instant the *mental faculty* then in active operation.

Shortly afterwards she was awakened; but what a change! Instead of the lively, talkative, forward child we had seen with her eyes closed, she became suddenly, when her eyes opened, as stupid a little thing as we ever beheld or conversed with. If another soul had been put into her she could not have been more entirely another being; no trace of her remained but the shape of the features. She informed us that she remembered nothing of what had passed; she recollected only going to sleep in the chair.

We should add, that we were informed that on the previous day a tooth had been taken from her while in the mesmeric sleep, and she told us she did not know it.

Another phenomenon is worth mentioning, because it is one that, from its nature, was incapable of deception. This little child, who, when she awoke, could not stir us from the ground, took up our friend, who is a tall, large man, and then ourselves, and carried us round the room with as much apparent ease as she would have carried her doll.

All the things we have here feebly but faithfully endeavoured to describe we have personally beheld and tried with our own hands, with the exercise of the utmost caution, and a resolve to detect deception if it existed, and nobody near enough to aid a trick. The case of our relative is beyond all suspicion, for it occurred under circumstances that could offer no possible purpose for fraud. That of Dr. Elliotson's patient, so far as it was performed by himself, *might* have been collusion, though nobody who knows him will believe that it would be so. But then we performed the experiment on the same patient with equal success, and are, therefore, sure that in *that* there was no deception. The case of the little girl was, in its most important features, also tested by ourselves with a caution and under circumstances that make fraud actually impossible. Of the reading with bandaged eyes we are as assured as of our own existence. That was no deception, at all events. We are free to admit that it is *possible*, barely *possible*, that the subsequent phenomena of the phrenological developments were the result of training; but we do not think that any child could be clever enough to play such a part so well, so long, and so artfully. And then there comes the difficulty we have noticed at the opening of this paper;—if she was in such a non-natural state as to read with bandaged eyes—and of that there was no doubt—and to carry men a waking child could not stir—she was not in a condition to practise a deliberate deception. If she was awake for one purpose, she must have been so for all; but certainly she was not in her ordinary state during the performance of the feats that were palpable to the senses, and upon which deception was impossible.

We have, therefore, no hesitation in asserting, as the result of actual and accurate experiment, *that there is a state of human existence in which the mind perceives external objects through some other medium than the wonted media of the senses, and that in this state the mind perceives things imperceptible in its natural condition.*

The question immediately presents itself—what is this state which, because it is not familiar to us, we term preternatural? In what manner are produced the effects described? How does the patient see without eyes? Why does he obey the will of the operator?

As was unavoidable after such decisive evidence of facts so strange and startling, we have reflected anxiously upon the subject, and tried these questions by all the tests we could devise.

The *modus operandi* might have been either by a sixth sense, of which in our ordinary condition of existence we are not conscious, and which is developed only under certain circumstances; by an extraordinary quickening of the senses, so that they catch sights and sounds invisible and inaudible to us; by the partial severance of the immaterial mind from its material tenement, and its perception of things directly without the intervention of those senses through which only it is usually permitted to hold intercourse with the material world; or, lastly, by a mysterious and unexplained sympathy, by which the mind of the patient is enabled to read the mind of the operator.

We have not time now to set forth *seriatim* the objections to the first three of these hypotheses; having well weighed them, we are inclined to pronounce the last to be the only one that bears the

test of experiment, and satisfactorily explains phenomena which appear to be not merely wonderful but impossible.

The circumstance that suggested to us this latter hypothesis is a curious one; but as it was only related to us, we can do no more than assert our confidence in the strict veracity of our informant.

A party of persons had appointed to visit a mesmerised patient at Edinburgh, who excelled in the faculty termed *clairvoyance*. It was agreed between them, and a gentleman in London, of some note as an author, that their inquiries should be about him, and to test the accuracy of their answers, he should make a memorandum of what he did and where he was on the evening of the intended visit. The patient readily told them of whom they were thinking, not by name, but accurately describing his person and his occupation: but in the description of his house, the singular mistake was committed of picturing the house in which he had lived for some time, and not that in which he then was, and which he had recently taken. It was also stated that he was, at the time of the questioning, in his study, writing. On the receipt of a letter from London, containing the note made of his doings on that evening, the party discovered that the patient had committed another error, for having been unwell, he had quitted his study, in which he was wont to write, and had spent the evening in the parlour with his wife, contrary to his usual custom.

Now, the partial truth and partial error of this description were equally perplexing. How could the description of a person the patient had never seen or heard of, and of his former abode, have been so accurate if it was a deception? On the other hand, if the patient really possessed the power pretended, whence the errors in the picture?

Reflecting upon this, we lighted upon the explanation contained in the last of the hypotheses above set forth. *The patient sees through the operator; that is, by some sympathy we cannot explain, the impressions upon the operator's mind are conveyed to the patient, or the mind of the patient reads the images upon the mind of the operator.*

This will explain every one of the phenomena that appear to be almost impossible. In the case of the Edinburgh patient, the querist, when he put his questions, had necessarily in his own mind the image of the person he was talking about. It is most probable that he thought of him as he had been wont to see him, in his old house, and not in his new one: and knowing that he usually sat in his study at that period of the day, he would naturally have located him there. The patient's mind did not take a trip to London and inspect Mr. H—, as some seem to suppose must necessarily have been the process if the fact we have narrated be true; but it saw the images upon the questioner's mind, and described them. In like manner, when the little girl read the advertisements in the *Athenæum* with her eyes bandaged, she read, not the page, but the image of it on our mind, and therefore it is, that though she could perceive it when our hand and the handkerchief were over her eyes, she ceased to see when our hand covered the type, for then the image was effaced from our own mind, and we could not read it. So, with the passes and touches that produce such instantaneous effects, these are but the external indications of the operator's will. The patient's mind reads the operator's mind; he wills that the patient shall do so and so; the patient reads the will, and obeys. So with the strange power of discovering the state of health which was manifested in a remarkable manner by the little girl we have described. The person with whom the patient is in contact knows his own maladies; the thought of them is suggested to his mind by the very question; the patient reads this thought; the results we witness, with a feeling amounting almost to disbelief of our own senses, are thus possible, without the supposition that the patient has the power of penetrating a man's ribs, and looking into his heart or lungs.

Whatever the explanation, certain it is that the subject is one which deserves the most serious inquiry. Before we had witnessed it, we were inclined, as most persons are, to set down the whole affair as an imposture unworthy of investigation. Undoubtedly, in not a few instances it has been employed by quacks for purposes of gain, and gross frauds have been committed, which have tended to throw discredit upon every case. But we are now perfectly satisfied, from the evidence of the facts we have detailed, that mesmerism is not altogether an

imposture—all the experimenters are not rogues, nor have all the patients the consummate talent necessary for acting such a part with such truthfulness. What is the extent of the reality, and where, if at all, imposture begins, is yet to be determined by the test of careful experiment; but that a great portion of the phenomena are real, we are perfectly assured. It is time to take it out of the hands of quacks and itinerant lecturers, who must make a case if they cannot find one, and subject it to the dispassionate review of philosophers, zealous only for the truth. A subject of such mighty importance as this deserves other treatment than a laugh and a sneer. If there be any thing of truth in it, the study of it must open a path through the hitherto cloudy region of mental physiology, which must conduct to knowledge, the greatness of which we cannot now contemplate, and the results of which are of the utmost importance to society. As yet we are utterly ignorant of the relationship of mind and body; the only light yet thrown upon it proceeds from the phenomena of mesmerism, which disturb all existing metaphysics, refute the doctrine of materialism, make possible things which we had believed to be impossible, and open a new world for science to labour in with certainty of a rich harvest.

These are reasons sufficient why the attention of the observant and of the reflecting should be turned to mesmerism, that, if it have one grain of truth, it may be sifted and added to the store which the world already enjoys, and no one of which is without its practical value; and that, if altogether a falsehood and imposture, it may be refuted, not by abuse or ridicule, or simple denial, but by exposure of the fraud, and by shewing how the trick, if trick it be, is played.

The periodical which we have placed at the head of this article is devoted to the subject upon which we have here ventured to state our experience and our views; it is ably edited, numbers many eminent men of science among its contributors, and presents a collection of cases which will be extremely valuable whenever it shall please the persons who lead opinion to turn their attention to mesmerism with a serious purpose to test it in all its aspects.

We shall watch its progress with interest, and, doubtless, shall have frequent opportunity of reporting to our readers what is doing in relation to it.

Since the above was written, and just as we were going to press, we were admitted to witness two cases still more decisive, if that be possible, than those we have recorded of the *single* proposition which, in this article, it has been our design to maintain—namely, the fact of the existence of an influence, call it mesmeric or magnetic, and of phenomena, term them somnambulism or hysteria, or any other of the names beneath which ignorance so loves to hide itself, but which, however entitled, deserve the most earnest investigation. These we may have some future opportunity of describing.

In the meanwhile, it is very important that the subject should, as speedily as possible, be taken out of the hands of quacks and itinerant lecturers, whose ignorance and impostures tend to discredit truth, and to prejudice the public mind against the discoveries of the philosopher. The most effective mode of accomplishing this object will be by the formation of a society purposely to investigate the phenomena of mesmerism, the names of whose members shall be a guarantee for honesty, and whose combined intelligence may be brought to the accurate examination of the cases that occur. To the formation of such a society we shall be delighted to lend our humble efforts, and we shall feel obliged if those of our readers who approve the design, and are willing to aid in its accomplishment, will transmit their names and addresses to the "Editor of the CRITIC, at the office, 49, Essex-street," and communications shall be made to them of the arrangements for this purpose.

*A Practical Treatise on Congestion and Inactivity of the Liver.* By FREDERICK J. MOSGROVE, Surgeon. Simpkin & Co.

This is one of that multitudinous class of works which might be comprised under the title "Every man his own Doctor." Mr. Mosgrove has written popularly—that is, he has endeavoured to avoid technical language, that all who read may understand.

Mr. Mosgrove falls into the usual fault of those who treat of medical topics: he makes his own

theme the most important. With him, liver is every thing—the seat of all disorders, the source of all diseases. According to him, the functions of the liver have more sway in the animal economy than those of any other organ; and having thus fixed upon it the alarmed attention of his readers, he proceeds to describe its structure and functions, its maladies, and their remedies; the latter being, we have no doubt,—consult Mr. Mosgrove. Thence he pretends to trace the operations of disordered liver upon every other portion of the frame. According to him, congestion of the brain is one of its most frequent effects, and he takes the opportunity to condemn indiscriminate bleeding in those cases, asserting that congestion of the brain is as often caused by debility as by plethora, although the appearances are precisely similar; the cause is to be ascertained by inquiry into previous symptoms. There is certainly good sense in these remarks. We must also warmly commend the indignation with which he condemns the pernicious practice of prematurely and "unduly exercising the intellects of children." Let them, he wisely says, in open air and with unfettered limbs, freely cultivate the health of body in the earlier stages of its growth. The mind will acquire learning quickly enough when the body is thriving. Children are not ignorant because they do not read books. They are acquiring knowledge every moment of their waking lives, though they have not a school or a teacher—aye, and a thousandfold more than a teacher or book could impart to them. So it is not all time lost, as some people suppose, nor will the child who begins at seven to be bored with books he, in three years, more backward than him who was trained to read at four.

#### POETRY AND THE DRAMA.

*De Valencourt: a Tragedy, in Five Acts.* By HORATIO HUNTLEY HOSKINS. London: Mitchell.

Q. What is your name?

Ans. HORATIO HUNTLEY HOSKINS.

Q. Who gave you that name?

Ans. My godfathers and godmothers, at my baptism.

Now we should like to learn by what species of *clairvoyance* it was that the godfathers and godmothers of the said Horatio Huntley anticipated his destination, and endowed him with a name such as the heroes of the sock and buskin love to assume in playbills, when, true to the vocation, Duggins parades himself to the public as Bellair, and Sniggs struts as Fitz-james. But Hoskins does not condescend to inform us by what happy accident he came to be dubbed Horatio Huntley, and so we can only count it among the dispensations of Providence, and wonder and adore.

One solution of the mystery suggests itself, and it is this—that, like many other prophecies, itself verified its own prediction. If Hoskins had been christened plain Roger, Peter, or John, he would never have stepped from the shop-board to the stage, nor have offered himself to the ridicule of his fellow-men as a playwright. He would have stitched or cobbled away a quiet contented life, in an attic or a cellar, with no higher ambition than to make the pot-house circle right merry with a sentimental ditty, or compose them to sober gravity by a comic song. But "fate and metaphysical aid" had gifted him with a charmed life; Horatio Huntley could not be the name of a soul destined to shears and thimble; his vocation was indicated by the very gift of his godfather; Nature had clearly destined him for tragedy, though Fortune had assigned him to the shop; so Horatio Huntley Hoskins betook himself to the stage.

It has not been our good or ill-fortune to see him in this capacity, but from the evidence of the pamphlet before us we can readily imagine the rant with which he splits the ears of the groundlings—the strut which he mistakes for stateliness—the stamp of his passions—the grin of his entrances—the frown of his exits. But not satisfied with the aspect of Horatio Huntley upon the playbill, he must, forsooth, exhibit it in a book; so he writes something



which he calls a tragedy, prints it, and sends it to the reviewers, and this it is with which we are now to deal.

Doubtless, the readers of THE CRITIC have already discovered that it is extremely fastidious in its judgments upon poetry, and for the reasons which were set forth at length in the last number. But *De Valencourt* will not hold the critical judgment in suspense for a moment; it will be condemned by any person of ordinary good taste who opens it at any page and reads any ten consecutive lines.

We need not enter upon the plot or the characters; the composition is enough to settle for ever the pretensions of Horatio Huntley to the honours of the dramatist. Our readers shall judge for themselves as we open at random.

He murders his mother-tongue thus:—

"And to the which,  
In furtherance of good *hereaft*, and for  
Example to the end of Time, him, we  
Commit."

Then follows—

"———When judges cease to reverence  
The ordinances they have made, and break  
Them through themselves."

Imagine a judge breaking an ordinance through himself!

A simile:—

"Her riches were as countless as the gnat  
Which, summer through,  
Teazes the reaper as he toils."

Something spicy, especially at the close.

"EUFANIA.  
His servants!—the thought made me to my soul!  
Weak woman that I am to let my girl—  
She—She must observe me, and my shame will fly  
Through all Ferrara—' Galeazzo's daughter,  
She—She Eufania wept to think on death.  
Thus will the common cry arrest the winds  
Of Heaven, and they will blow my shame to God!  
Well, well,—'tis o'er! Bear up my soul! Bear up  
My soul eternal!"

A gentleman, my lady.

EUFANIA.  
A gentleman!—hast seen a gentleman?  
FLORINDA.

Yes madam,—yes—

EUFANIA.  
Then hast thou seen what I  
Ne'er yet beheld! Well, what said he?"

Assassination of the English language—

"Nay, then, I will not cease to speak,  
Though all earth's principalities were here,  
And bade me to refrain, whilst that I hear  
The foul'st and sacrilegious't lie that e'er  
Foul breath made up, declared, and openly,  
To more than my dishonour—to my wife's?  
Treasonous!"

Rant!—

"FERNANDO.  
How, how?—they exchange looks—  
How pale he turns! I've seen those visages  
Before together, or methinks—(Rises fiercely.)  
By Heaven  
The Duc de Guise! (CAVIGNI kneels.)  
'Fore Jove I could have sworn  
I read the villain in his eye—Ha! Ha!  
Then have I lived to be revenged at last!  
CAVIGNI.

In mercy, Sir,—

FERNANDO.  
To prison! Ha! Ha! Ha!  
To prison! Slaves, ye hear me not—bear hence  
This villain, and in the strong'st confine, our jails  
Do limit, lock him. Ha! Ha! Ha! No word!  
Stay not upon your lives."

Rigmarole!

"VITELLI.  
You have oftentimes described it as being  
More valued as a monument of him  
That's dead (your noble father), than a thing  
Of price,—His form is chased beneath the stone,  
And on it laid a plaited wreath of his  
White hair,—a sweet device, which I have heard  
You liken to his tomb, o'er which was shewn,  
As the fair hieroglyph of what he was,  
The Goddess Charity!—You used to gaze  
Upon his form beneath the stone and weep,  
And say,—'There lays he in the humid grave.'  
And then you'd gaze upon the snow above  
And kiss it oft, and weep again, and say  
'A THING NE'ER KNOWN BEFORE THE MONUMENT  
IS LIKE THE MAN!'"

We now take our leave of Mr. Hoskins, heartily recommending him to abjure the quill, and stick to the needle or the awl. He may rely upon it that his unlucky name was a great mistake of his godfathers and his godmothers, and not a foreshadowing of fame, which, strive as he may, he never can achieve, for Nature herself has not endowed him with the necessary brains, and all the fine names in the dictionary cannot supply that original defect.

### Ballads and other Poems.—Vision of the Night.

—The Spanish Student: a Play, in Three Acts. By H. W. LONGFELLOW. London, 1843. Moxon.

THE most hopeful sign in the literature of America is the steady progress of its Poetry. We have now before us, in three volumes, specimens of American Poets, from the first colonization of the country to a very recent period, and the march of improvement may be traced almost from year to year, but with accelerated rapidity as we approach our own times. Since the publication of these specimens, there have come to us from the West many snatches of song that have in them more than a spark of the true fire, but which are yet more cheering for what they promise than for what they perform.

It is a curious problem why poetry should be thus advancing in America, while it declines in the old country. To us belong all the advantages that are supposed to encourage its cultivation, refined taste to appreciate, and leisure to pursue it, aristocratic institutions, which are said to be its best patrons, and a wealthy audience to reward with something more solid than applause the poet who wins their hearts. Yet is our poetry daily growing more tame and spiritless, while that of America is advancing to maturity, though produced under the disadvantages, as we are wont to deem them, of a people plunged in the vortex of business, wanting the accumulation of wealth that permits learned ease, and degraded by a democratic government. Why it is, we cannot venture to determine; but that so it is, no one will deny who reviews and compares the modern productions of our own poets with those of the United States.

Among the most promising of the bards of America is Professor Longfellow, whose muse, if she have not taken a path that is quite original, has certainly comported herself in that path in a fashion of her own. He is a worshipper of the Lake school, but not a blind one. Coleridge is his master, but the pupil not unfrequently rivals his teacher. Like many of our best English authors, and almost all of the best American ones, his thoughts are trained after the German fashion, and much reading of German writers has Germanized his language somewhat more than is consistent with the genius of his mother-tongue. Indeed, we are not satisfied that affectation has not as much to do with this be-setting sin of many of the best minds on both continents as any necessity they feel for coining or borrowing words wherewith they may express their thoughts. The genuine English language is, we believe, amply rich enough for the profoundest thinker to clothe his ideas withal, when those ideas are definite, and not mere shadows or outlines of thoughts, whose vagueness the dreamer endeavours to conceal even from himself, by dressing them in a language made specially for them, and which not unfrequently enables him to impose upon himself and others things thus mystically entitled as things which they had grasped and measured.

This is the sin of the German school who write in the British tongue, and it is the striking fault of Mr. Longfellow. In common with his compeers, he continually mistakes vagueness for profundity, and his meaning is often unintelligible to others simply because he has not a definite idea within himself. But these are spots upon the sun. We hail in him with pleasure a poet of a lofty class—a man who thinks for himself, and dares to avow his thoughts. We have in this volume not a few of the most truthful utterances of Carlyle breathed in poetry that will be read and taken to the heart in many a circle from which the prototype would be rejected as the mutterer in a mystical jargon of a creed which nobody can comprehend. Here is one:—

### LIFE.

"Life is real! Life is earnest!  
And the grave is not its goal;  
'Dust thou art, to dust returnest,'  
Was not spoken of the soul.  
Not enjoyment and not sorrow,  
Is our destined end or way;  
But to act, that each to-morrow  
Finds us farther than to-day.  
Art is long, and time is fleeting,  
And our hearts, though stout and brave,  
Still, like muffled drums, are beating  
Funeral marches to the grave.  
In the world's broad field of battle,  
In the bivouac of Life,  
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!  
Be a hero in the strife!  
Trust no Future, how'er pleasant!  
Let the dead Past bury its dead;  
Act,—act in the living Present!  
Heart within, and God o'erhead!  
Lives of great men all remind us  
We can make our lives sublime,  
And departing, leave behind us  
Footsteps on the sands of time;  
Footprints, that perhaps another,  
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,  
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,  
Seeing, shall take heart again.  
Let us, then, be up and doing,  
With a heart for any fate;  
Still achieving, still pursuing,  
Learn to labour and to wait."

There is a solemnity of tone in the following, which goes to the heart like a knell. It should be read twice to be thoroughly enjoyed. There is more of meaning in it than comes out on the first glance.

### A MIDNIGHT MASS FOR THE DYING YEAR.

"Yes, the Year is growing old,  
And his eye is pale and bleared!  
Death, with frosty hand and cold,  
Plucks the old man by the beard,  
Sorely,—sorely!  
The leaves are falling, falling,  
Solemnly and slow;  
'Caw! caw!' the rooks are calling,  
It is a sound of woe,  
A sound of woe!  
Through woods and mountain passes  
The winds, like anthems, roll!  
They are chanting solemn masses,  
Singing, 'Pray for this poor soul,  
Pray,—pray!  
And the hooded clouds, like friars,  
Tell their beads in drops of rain,  
And patter their doleful prayers:—  
But their prayers are all in vain,  
All in vain!  
There he stands in the foul weather,  
The foolish, fond Old Year,  
Crowded with wild flowers and with heather,  
Like weak, despised Lear,  
A king,—a king!  
Then comes the summer-like day,  
Bids the old man rejoice!  
His joy! his last! O, the old man gray,  
Loveth that ever-soft voice,  
Gentle and low.  
To the crimson woods he saith,—  
To the voice gentle and low  
Of the soft air, like a daughter's breath,—  
'Pray do not mock me so!  
Do not laugh at me!  
And now the sweet day is dead;  
Cold in his arms it lies;  
No stain from its breath is spread  
Over the glassy skies,  
No mist or stain!  
Then, too, the Old Year dieth,  
And the forests utter a moan,  
Like the voice of one who crieth  
In the wilderness alone,  
'Vex not his ghost!  
Then comes, with an awful roar,  
Gathering and sounding on,  
The storm-wind from Labrador,  
The wind Euroclydon,  
The storm-wind!  
Howl! howl! and from the forest  
Sweep the red leaves away!  
Would, the sins that thou abhorrest,  
O Soul! couldst thus decay,  
And be swept away!  
For there shall come a mightier blast,  
There shall be a darker day;  
And the stars from heaven down-cast,  
Like red leaves be swept away!  
Kyrie, eleyson!  
Christe, eleyson!"

We doubt if there be a living poet in England, save Wordsworth, who could have produced so delightful a poem as

### THE REAPER AND THE FLOWERS.

"There is a Reaper, whose name is Death,  
And, with his sickle keen,  
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,  
And the flowers that grow between."

'Shall I have nought that is fair?' saith he:  
'Have nought but the bearded grain?  
Though the breath of these flowers is sweet to me,  
I will give them all back again.'

He gazed at the flowers with tearful eyes,  
He kissed their drooping leaves;  
It was for the Lord of Paradise  
He bound them in his sheaves.

'My Lord has need of these flowerets gay,'  
The Reaper said, and smiled;  
'Dear tokens of the earth are they,  
Where he was once a child.'

'They shall all bloom in fields of light,  
Transplanted by my care,  
And saints, upon their garments white,  
These sacred blossoms wear.'

And the mother gave, in tears and pain,  
The flowers she most did love;  
She knew she should find them all again  
In the fields of light above.

O, not in cruelty, not in wrath,  
The Reaper came that day;  
'Twas an angel visited the green earth,  
And took the flowers away.'

Another, and we must reluctantly bid adieu to a volume which contains more genuine poetry than any in the English tongue which has come under our notice of late years. May we have more and more of such visitors from the Far West, not only to enrich our stores of thought by their own wealth, but to stimulate the mind of our island to put forth something in the form of poetry more worthy than it has adventured of late.

#### THE BELEAGUERED CITY.

'I have read in some old, wondrous tale,  
Some legend strange and vague,  
That a midnight host of spectres pale  
Beleaguered the walls of Prague.

Beside the Moldau's rushing stream,  
With the wan moon overhead,  
There stood, as in an awful dream,  
The army of the dead.

White as a sea fog, landward bound,  
The spectral camp was seen,  
And with a sorrowful, deep sound,  
The river flowed between.

No other voice nor sound was there,  
No drum, nor sentry's pace,  
The mist-like banners clasped the air,  
As clouds with clouds embrace.

But when the old cathedral bell  
Proclaimed the morning prayer,  
The white pavilions rose and fell  
On the alarmed air.

Down the broad valley, fast and far,  
The troubled army fled;  
Uprose the gloomy morning star,—  
The ghastly host was dead!

I have read in the wondrous heart of man,  
That strange and mystic scroll,  
That an army of phantoms, vast and wan,  
Beleaguer the human soul.

Encamped beside life's rushing stream,  
In fancy's mystic light,  
Gigantic shapes and shadows gleam  
Portentous through the night.

Upon its midnight battle-ground  
The spectral camp is seen,  
And, with a sorrowful, deep sound,  
Flows the river of life between.

No other voice nor sound is there  
In the army of the grave—  
No other challenge breaks the air,  
But the rushing of life's wave.

But when the solemn and deep church-bell  
Entreats the soul to pray,  
The midnight phantoms feel the spell—  
The shadows sweep away.

Down the broad vale of tears afar,  
The spectral camp has fled:  
Faith shineth as a morning star—  
Our ghastly fears are dead."

*The Spirit of the Nation.* Part II. Dublin.  
Duffy.

*Repeal Songs and Ballads.* Cork. Haly.

THESE publications are more significant signs of the times than speeches at public meetings and leading articles in newspapers. The speech may be that of an advocate, the article may be an effusion whose fee is measured by its bluster; but the poetry—such "thoughts that breathe and words that burn" as these, come fresh from the depths of the soul: they are no carefully woven cobwebs of the brain, but deep and earnest utterances of hearts whose life-blood is stirred by the spirit of indignation at wrongs which, whether real or imaginary, are felt and believed, and of earnest resolution at all risks to be avenged.

It is, therefore, with a strange mingling of

admiration for their genius, awe at their enthusiasm, terror at the prospect of the future which they open, that we glance over these collections of lyrics, which, as they come from the heart, cannot fail to go straight to the hearts of an audience otherwise prepared to receive them. If there be any truth in maxims, the framers of these songs for the people have influences more powerful than those who make their laws, and the tendency of those influences is fearfully towards a convulsion. None preach peace, most of them breathe of war, and the veil of patriotism and nationality is thrown over the bloodiest suggestions, and to the excited eye will be an excuse for calling massacre a virtue, and plunder justice.

But we must not enter here upon the theme, so tempting whenever one is required to comment upon any thing that comes from Ireland. Our duty is simply to note these productions as works of art, and, thus viewed, they are entitled to very high praise. In the first place, they are *realities*—they are what *true* poetry must always be, the utterances of the heart, not the toil of the brain. Then the language is admirably suited to the subjects, and for the same cause, passion never wants words, and it always clothes itself in the most apt. These Lyrics must become a part of the history of Ireland, and they will better tell its tale than any number of state papers or commissioners' reports.

We select from these compositions but one specimen that has a political bearing, for, happily, there are scattered among them many of higher and nobler purpose that will better suit the sober character of these purely literary pages, and more advantageously exhibit the genius of Young Ireland.

Here is a very beautiful composition, on a subject which her people may justly boast:—

#### THE TEMPERANCE MOVEMENT.

"My country! on thy famished brow  
A faint sweet smile appears;  
Oh! where are they who mock'd thee now?  
I do not hear their cheers!

Thou hast achieved a mighty thing—  
A nation hath combined,  
To break the thousand links that cling,  
From habit, round the mind.

From habit, and from choice, and some  
Will own almost from fate,  
They sought a Lethe midst their gloom,  
And wildly felt elate!

Yet, with a giant's strength, they burst  
Those fetters at a bound;  
And stood, amidst the nations, first,  
With moral grandeur crown'd.

Thou wert too long a scorn to those  
Who, like the Spartan, smiled,  
To see thee fall, and to expose  
The slave to his free child!

But let that pass: like winter wind,  
It cannot mar thy spring—  
Would thou hadst nothing more unkind  
From Memory's store to bring!

For, like the Patriarch of old,  
Amidst thy sons were those,  
Accurs'd, like Cham, who could behold  
Thy shame but to expose.

'Servants of servants they shall be,'  
When, through thy valleys fair,  
Their brothers' tennis are spreading free  
Beneath God's special care. C. J. D."

What force is there in this poem, so truly Irish in sentiment; telling, in language so forcible, the presence of the volcano that is raging in the depths of the popular mind.

#### A DREAM.

"I dreamt a dream, a dazzling dream, of a green isle far away,  
Where the glowing west to the ocean's breast calleth the dying day;  
And that island green was as fair a scene as ever man's eye did see,  
With its chieftains bold, and its temples old, and its homes and its altars free!  
No foreign foe did that green isle know—no stranger band it bore,  
Save the merchant train from sunny Spain, and from Africa's golden shore!  
And the young man's heart would fondly start, and the old man's eye would smile,  
As their thoughts would roam o'er the ocean foam to that lone and 'holy isle!'

Years passed by, and the orient sky blazed with a new-born light,  
And Bethlehem's star shone bright afar o'er the lost world's darksome night;

And the diamond shrines from plundered mines, and the golden fanes of Jove,  
Melted away in the blaze of day at the simple spell-word—  
Love!

The light serene o'er that island green played with its saving beams,  
And the fires of Baal waxed dim and pale, like the stars in the morning streams!  
And 'twas joy to hear, in the bright air clear, from out each sunny glade,  
The tinkling bell, from the quiet cell, or the cloister's tranquil shade!

A cloud of night o'er that dream so bright soon with its dark wing came,  
And the happy scene of that island green was lost in blood and shame;  
For its kings unjust betrayed their trust, and its queens, though fair, were frail;  
And a robber band, from a stranger land, with their war-whoops filled the gale;—  
A fatal spell on that green isle fell—a shadow of death and gloom  
Passed withering o'er, from shore to shore, like the breath of the foul simoom;  
And each green hill's side was crimson dyed, and each stream rolled red and wild,  
With the mingled blood of the brave and good—of mother, and maid, and child!

Dark was my dream, though many a gleam of hope through that black night broke,  
Like a star's bright form through a whistling storm, or the moon through a midnight oak!  
And many a time, with its wings sublime, and its robes of saffron light,  
Would the morning rise on the eastern skies, but to vanish again in night!  
For, in abject prayer, the people there still raised their fettered hands,  
When the sense of right, and the power to smite, are the spirit that commands;  
For those who would sneer at the mourner's tear, and heed not the suppliant's sigh,  
Would bow in awe to that first great law—a banded nation's cry!

At length arose o'er that isle of woes a dawn with a steadier smile,  
And, in happy hour, a voice of power awoke the slumbering isle!  
And the people all obeyed the call of their chief's unseparated hand,  
Vowing to raise, as in ancient days, the name of their own dear land!  
My dream grew bright as the sunbeam's light, as I watched that isle's career  
Through the varied scene and the joys serene of many a future year;  
And oh! what thrill did my bosom fill, as I gazed on a pillared pile,  
Where a senate once more in power watched o'er the rights of that lone green isle!

"DESMOND."

May the warning thus uttered not be unheeded by English ears!

#### EDUCATION.

*Nouveau Mélange, Narratif, Descriptif, Historique, et Littéraire; Recueil Classique, Morceaux Choisis, &c.* Par MARIN DE LA VOYE et ALEXANDRE TASCHE. Londres, 1843. A. H. Baily and Co.

THIS is a most comprehensive volume, and certainly by far the most agreeable one for students which we have ever seen. Opening with minute and practical rules for beginners, it next offers a dictionary of idiomatical expressions usually found in modern French authors, then an alphabetical list of the irregular verbs. These are followed by a well-selected collection of passages from the best works in the language, modern as well as ancient, and in making which the editors have studied the amusement and instruction of the student. At the foot of the extract from each author, a list of his most famous works is given, together with the place and time of his birth. To these succeed some entire tales which have obtained celebrity, such as Saint Pierre's "*La Chaumière Indienne*," Chateaubriand's "*Atala*," and Madame Cottin's "*Elisabeth*." Each page is bordered by proverbs, after the fashion introduced by Maunder in his "*Treasury of Knowledge*." We can confidently say of this volume, that to schools and private families it will be a valuable acquisition; for it combines, in fact, that which so many books profess to offer, but fail to yield, to the student of French—an introduction at once to the literature and the language; and we know not why all books of instruction in languages should not be so framed. We heartily recommend this to such of our readers as may be seeking to acquire a knowledge of the polite tongue of Europe.



## FICTION.

*Caleb Stukely.* In 3 vols. Edinburgh, 1844. Blackwood and Co.

WE detest the class of novels to which *Caleb Stukely* belongs—a class which has grown out of the necessities of the periodical form in which the greater portion of them have appeared; the writers, obedient to the behests of the magazine, not striving after truth and nature, but compelled to study how they may best outbid a rival in excitement, or how serve the purposes of faction and pander to the prejudices of bigoted partizans. Not the least charm of literature, until of late, has been its neutral character: we have been wont to love it because it was a domain sacred from the intrusion of factious hates and party personalities: the passing feuds of the time were forgotten where the gifted of all creeds, and colours, and climes, of all parties and sects, assembled in their common characters as men to seek the true and adore the beautiful, with no meaner motive than the cultivation of those diviner faculties with which a benevolent Providence has endowed them.

But, urged by magazine necessities, some authors of no mean capacities have lately desecrated this hallowed ground by the introduction of the basest and vilest of party passions and faction feuds; they have made literature the medium for the diffusion of the gall of their own bad hearts, and for unconsciously infusing into the hearts of their unsuspecting readers the hates and prejudices that disgrace their own.

*Blackwood's Magazine* has been the most remarkable for this, probably because it is in its pages that the best works of the class have appeared. But the ability with which the business is done, instead of excusing, aggravates the crime. Clumsy writers would have exhibited so plainly the poisonous character of their compound, that the reader would have been deterred from tasting; but the authors whom Blackwood has hired to do the dirty work have been men of talent, though not men of genius; and so well has it been done, that even those who most detested the design, and despised the authors of it, were tempted to read on, in admiration of the cleverness with which the job was executed.

The characteristic features of this class of novels is the systematic misrepresentation of creeds, whether religious or political, and the picturing of persons as demons if they differ from, as saints if they agree with, the opinions the writer is pleased to patronize, or which he is paid to promulgate, it being for the most part a matter of perfect unconcern to him whether he contributes to a Tory, Whig, or Radical periodical, being just as ready to dish up scandal and abuse to tickle the taste of the democrat and dissenter, as to gratify the prejudices of the aristocrat and churchman.

Nor is this so difficult a matter as one unversed in authorcraft might imagine. The process is very simple and the recipe might run thus:—

Are you hired for *Blackwood* or *Tait*? Suppose the former, as in the instance of the author before us. Take for your hero a youth of noble birth or high breeding, or both; send him to Oxford to confirm his principles, and then subject him to a series of misfortunes, all brought about by the agency of villains, who, of course, belong to the adverse faction. You will thus bring upon the stage a multitude of characters in the sketching of whom you have but one rule to observe, that is, to picture the personages who are of the party for which you write as demigods, the impersonation of all that is virtuous, amiable, wise, and witty in mind, and noble and lovely in body, and to limn the actors of the party you oppose as black as your pen can paint them, investing them with every vice, and denying to them any virtue.

By this simple process you achieve two important objects: you flatter the vanity of

the partizan patrons of the magazine, by indirectly assuring them that they are collectively and individually the salt of the earth, because they belong to your own party, the argument being thus: the personages here described are so good and great, because they are Tories or Radicals, as the case may be; you are a Tory or Radical, therefore you are as great and good as the actors in the tale; and, secondly, you gratify the malevolence of which there is a dash in the composition of human nature, and which is especially indulged under the excuse of political or religious zeal, by giving to party and sectarian hatreds a plausible pretence, and enabling the gratified reader, under the form of abuse of Toryism or Radicalism, to abuse the Radical or Tory neighbour, or rival, or anybody else one hates, one knows not why, and does not venture to inquire.

But other important purposes are served by those popular party novels. They are convenient substitutes for argument.

To the larger portion of every party, and especially to the most thick-and-thin partizans, it is very provoking to be asked to maintain their cause by argument; it is not always convenient to give a reason for one's faith, and as it is not the fashion nowadays to answer argument with a cudgel, it is a great consolation to partizans to be armed with weapons which accomplish the object almost as efficiently as cracking the skull. This modern invention for defeating a too logical opponent is the employment of moral instead of physical force: filch from him his good name, throw dirt at him in abundance, and some of it will stick. But there are personages so pure, so free from all offence, that abuse flung at them directly would, not unlikely, rebound upon the thrower. In such cases it is that the magazine novel-writer becomes a valuable auxiliary. He proclaims, not in so many words, but by the silent, yet effective illustration professed to be drawn from real life, that all Tories, or all Radicals, are unredeemed scoundrels, because they are Tories or Radicals; from which the inference is, that the good man, in whom personally we cannot find a blot, must be really a personage to be shunned and hated, because of his sect and party, and he is hated and abused accordingly with hearty good-will. Glorious triumph of authorship is this!—Honour to Mr. Warren, and the tribe he has called into existence!

Next to the author of *Ten Thousand a Year*, though following certainly at humble distance, is the author of *Caleb Stukely*, a novel concocted with the same design as its predecessor, but slightly varying the object of its calumnies. Mr. Warren levelled his caricature against the Liberal party in general. *Caleb Stukely* is specially devoted to abuse of Dissenters, and a fouler libel we never read, nor one which exhibited so bad a heart. We do not mean to say that there are not among dissenting preachers some hypocrites and some rogues; but the obvious purpose of the writer of this novel is to insinuate that all, or the great majority of them, are such as he describes. The entire aim of the work is, indeed, to discredit non-conformists after the fashion and by the process we have described above.

Now we, as sincere Churchmen, protest against this method of fighting dissent and advancing our own cause. Let us at least war with the fair weapons of honest controversy, not by slander, and let us answer by argument and not seek to silence by personalities. There is not a true Churchman who would not feel justly indignant if a dissenting periodical were to publish a cleverly written tale, the purport of which was, by exhibiting some of the men who have disgraced their holy office in the Church, to inculcate that all clergymen were as bad and all Churchmen as graceless; and that which we should angrily denounce when wielded against ourselves, we cannot honestly do other than condemn when employed on our side.

For these reasons, we repeat, we hold in

abhorrence the whole class of novels to which *Caleb Stukely* belongs. But we must admit that it does its dirty work with very great ability. The earlier portions of the narrative are especially spirited, and the opening of the story excites an interest which is not maintained to the end. About the middle of the second volume the writer begins to flag, as if his imagination were exhausted, or, as we suspect, he had not arranged his plot before he began, and when he was plunged into the midst, was puzzled how to extricate himself, from which dilemma he escapes clumsily and with difficulty, and with an evident change of intention from that with which he started. The college scenes are admirably hit off, and there is truth to nature in the hero's first love adventure, which, ugly though its features become at last, we do not deem unnatural. From the period of the death of this first and most interesting heroine, the story loses all its attractions. It should have ended there, and then the reader would have preserved pleasing recollections of the author, and a desire for further acquaintance with him; but thenceforth he becomes tediously prosy, eking out a barrenness of fancy in the invention of incident, with dull dialogues, that in no way advance the plot. Thus it drags its slow length along through hundreds of closely printed pages, sending the reader to sleep by sermons out of place and essays where he looked for dialogues; and few, we suspect, can boast of perseverance to pursue it to its conclusion. We are not surprised that such admirable caterers for the public as the Messrs. Blackwood should have accepted it for their magazine, since it is probable their judgment was formed from inspection of the earlier chapters only, and they fully justify the choice; but we are astonished that, seeing it entire, and hearing, as they must have done, the opinions of the public and of the press, they should have adventured upon its republication in the costly form in which it lies upon our table.

It will be but fair to present a specimen of this work, and a very favourable one it shall be. There is good writing in the following description of

## CALEB'S FIRST LOVE.

"I had now known Emma Fitzjones three months. At the earliest moment of our interview I had fallen beneath the aggression of her beauty. My love grew in proportion to the quickness with which it was at first called forth. It increased by what it fed on. I had long ceased to be master of my actions—of myself. Absorbed in her existence, I had no happiness excluded from her presence, no real joy but in feasting on her charms. More than any thing else, I desired to tell her so, to acquaint her with the strength and depth of my passion, and to implore her to requite my true affection—to exchange her maiden love for mine. Many opportunities I had to make this interesting communication; but I might have been dumb for any help my tongue afforded me. It would not budge. Every attempt I made to disburthen my poor overloaded heart threatened me with suffocation—the words stuck in my throat, so sure as I called them there for utterance. In this extremity, for the same reason that the blind man applies to his sense of touch, I invoked the assistance of my eyes, and eloquent I am sure they were, if they delivered half that my flurried soul conveyed to them. I hoped, believed, felt that I was understood. Still one syllable would have made assurance doubly sure, and, till it was spoken, I was virtually as much separated from my prize as on the evening when I caught the first half glimpse of it, ignorant and careless of the value of the treasure that had lighted on my path. Determined to make a confession, satisfied that I should be able to do no such thing—alternately courageous as a lion, and shy and fearful as a lamb—on the morning subsequent to the above scene, I planted myself in a narrow lane, through which I knew she must walk on her way to Chesterton.

"It was a brisk autumnal morning, bright and love-inspiring. The neighbourhood of Cambridge, it must be confessed, has very little interest in the picturesque. Those mighty smallnesses, the Gogmagog excrescences, in spite of the pardonable and fond pride of the ambitious native, who would fain

believe them mountains, look painfully ridiculous on the sensible horizon, as they rise there an inch or two higher than the broad and barren level. Green lanes are few, the sweet sequestered spots are none. The far-renowned Cam herself, save where she winds with unobtrusive and scholastic grace, ripply and clear, beside some grassy college plain—what is she but a slice of muddied Thames, cut on a windy day, and at its ugliest turn, and fixed between her own two aguish banks of dripping rushes? The sun, this fair autumnal morning, shone upon Nature in her lowliest attire, and still my throbbing heart, tuned to sympathy by love, looked from within, and saw all things beautiful. With what a show of loveliness can the source of light, and the source of all human joy, deck and enliven the meanest spot of earth! It was a buoyant day—one that, as it passes, we would gladly cling to, or keep back—a cheerful and a cheering day. Ah! I have known many such, in seasons, too, of trial and of anguish, and they have stanch'd the tear, and eased the brain, and drawn with silken force the soul from evil thoughts to thoughts of kindness and love. Ah! thrice blessed giver of light and warmth! Surely it was upon a ray of sunny light that the illuminated thought of immortality first streamed into the savage mind!

"At an early hour I took up my position. I was sure that I should see her. She had not told me so; but a conviction, more satisfying than mere words, supported my belief—a conviction born of indistinct, impalpable declarations; a thousand evident nothings, from which I flattered myself not only into a certainty of our present meeting, but into a gratifying belief that I had already won her virgin young affections. I must have presented a strange spectacle to an attentive observer, had such a one been present. I was ashamed to be found by her watching for her appearance. I desired rather to suggest the idea that chance had brought us at the same time to the spot. With this deliberate view, I marched to the extreme end of the lane, turned the angle of it, and took my body out of sight. With my head peeping round the corner, I marked the entrance into the street of every female figure. Did any one assume the most remote likeness to the lady I expected, in an instant I was out, advancing towards her with my quickest, busiest step. Many blue bonnets, and many grey pelisses, doomed me to disappointment, and sent me, drooping, back again. For two good hours had I been 'a wakeful sentry, and on duty now,' when a form, difficult indeed to be mistaken, tripped into the lane. Flushed and confused, I hurried from the point of observation, and staggered towards it—I was at Emma's side.

"We stopped, we blushed, and spoke. I made a puerile remark, to which she gave some answer, and then moved gently on. I turned to go in such good company. Oh! she would not think of that—she could not take me back again. I was growing a sad inventor. With brazen audacity, albeit with a weak and faltering voice, I said that I was walking forward, when the sight of her stopped me in my progress. Did she suppose, I marvel, that I had eyes behind as well as eyes before?

"How shall I narrate the whole of a conversation which was forgotten an hour after it took place, or which, more properly to speak, never was remembered? We walked on. For the first time I had possession of her arm. I held it at a modest distance, and scarcely felt its fairy weight. Proud as a monarch was I of my prize? As we proceeded, the sensible burden became distinct and undeniable, and my heart grew bolder. A tender pressure, hardly intended, conceived and executed like a flash, suspended me in keen and dreadful doubt. It did not offend. I gloried in triumphant love. Still we proceeded, and the arm I gathered in a closer fold, and constrained with gentlest might. We reached the water side. Upon the bank we strolled, silent and overpowered. Her arm had fallen, and our hands were clasped. Oh, for a word to speak, to utter, and relieve my full and parching throat! I raised the hand—that fair and milkwhite hand—I kissed and seared it with my burning tears.

"Emma, Emma!" I cried, the awakened water-drops still pouring down my boyish cheeks, 'do you love me? Say you do! Let me hear you say it!'

"Her head fell upon my shoulder, and the beautiful black hair, released from its imprisonment, flowed loosely to her shoulders. I kissed her coral lips. 'Tell me, Emma, that you love me. Say that you would give up every thing for me. I could die

for you. I cannot live without you. Tell me, dearest Emma, could you be happy all your days with a poor clergyman for your partner? Oh, I could be steeped in poverty with you, and still be rich! Speak, speak to me, dearest Emma!' She pressed my hand. I was answered, and was happy.

"How upon our road homeward we chatted about flowers and birds, and every beauteous thing of life! How suddenly unreserved did we become! How very much she was pleased with objects that afforded me delight, and how interesting to me was every little matter that had a share in her esteem! How strange, how thrilling, how delicious, was this young excitement!"

*Sir Cosmo Digby. A Romance. By J. A. St. John. 3 vols. London, 1843. Bentley.*

We are in doubt whether to be more pleased or offended with this novel. When we are inclined to praise, some scene abounding in monstrous improbabilities, some characters wholly unnatural, some over-strained description, or some prosy dialogue, rises up to forbid the words of approval which the pen was about to indite. When we feel in censorious mood at the recollection of these defects, the rising bile is appeased by reminiscences of an ingenious plot, many passages of unquestionable power both in conception and execution, a few personages painted from the life, and some spirited colloquies indicating the presence of a truly dramatic genius. Upon the whole, balancing the excellencies against the faults, and giving the author the benefit of the doubt, we must recommend *Sir Cosmo Digby* to be placed upon the list of books to be read, provided the reader has leisure; for if he have but a short time to devote to books, there are many even of the new novels to be preferred to this.

The period of the story is that of the Newport riots, and when we consider the extreme difficulty of handling very recent topics, and especially such as are invested with political excitement, it will be admitted that Mr. St. John has exhibited a very creditable mastery over the somewhat intractable materials with which he had to work. Of course, in genuine novel fashion, the basis of the plot is a love tale, with the developement of which the riots are entangled, and in the fortunes of the lovers the reader cannot fail to feel a deep interest. *Sir Cosmo Digby* is a baronet of very old times, such as may have existed some centuries ago, but whose like certainly could not be found in these days. He locks up his wealth in huge chests, as a man used to do before funds were invented. But we must not disturb the reader's pleasure by anticipation of the plot. We will cite a passage as a specimen of the author's style, and a very creditable one it is.

DENZIL, the hero of the romance, is the person to whom the following incident occurs during a visit at the mansion of the baronet:—

#### A NIGHT SCENE.

"One night, as he lay awake, closely entangled in the meshes of his own thoughts, a footstep in the corridor, with which his bed-chamber communicated, suddenly startled him. The whole family had long, he thought, retired to rest; for it was some time past midnight, and he had never before heard aught stirring at that hour. He therefore concluded indubitably, that some robber had broken into the castle, and groping about for the poker, he seized it, and opening his door softly, looked forth into the corridor.

"The person, whoever he was, had passed; and Denzil saw him, at a little distance, apparently wrapped and muffled in drapery, while a dim light was thrown upon the walls, from a lamp which he held in his hand. The first impulse was to shout aloud, and give the alarm to the servants; but reflecting that the individual was alone, he considered himself equal to contend with him, and therefore resolved to follow and quietly watch his movements. This, therefore, he did. Stepping softly behind the advancing figure, he saw him turn aside into a narrow passage, leading towards the numerous turrets which rose in that part of the building. The person then opened a door, which leaving ajar, he ascended a narrow flight of steps, Denzil still following, as closely as was practicable, without discovering himself. The winding staircase, which permitted little light to reach him, at length terminated in a large hall. This the figure traversed slowly, and then entered upon another corridor, longer than any he had before seen in the castle. It ended, however, in a doorway, resembling that of a chapel, surmounted by a ribbed and pointed arch, adorned with rosettes. The individual whose motions he watched now applied a key to the door, and threw it open. He then paused for a moment, as if reluctant to proceed; but recovering his resolution, advanced across the apartment, the dimensions and features of which the lamp shewed

but faintly, until he reached an arched recess, closed by dark curtains. These being drawn aside, disclosed two lofty tapers, burning one on either hand. A female figure, in white marble, reposing upon cushions of the same material, occupied the space between the candles; and in front stood a small cippus or altar, upon which the person, turning half round, set down his lamp. Denzil now saw it was Sir Cosmo Digby.

"Upon making this discovery, which greatly annoyed and disconcerted him, his first impulse was to retire. But besides that this would have been no easy matter, on account of the pitchy darkness, and the number and intricacy of the passages, staircases, halls, and corridors, which were to be traversed, he experienced an intense curiosity to unravel the mystery then going on before him. He was no casuist in the nicer distinctions of morality. His resolution was, doubtless, in itself wrong. But as in taking it he had been impelled by no sinister motive, he easily compounded with his conscience for leave to witness the remainder of this strange scene. When Sir Cosmo, as observed above, had placed his lamp upon the cippus, he approached gently the recumbent figure, and, stooping down, kissed it on the lips, on the eyes, and on the forehead, and, after repeating this action several times, knelt beside it on the stone pavement; and with hand clasped, and eyes lifted up to heaven, appeared to be lost in prayer. Denzil's whole system of feelings and opinions respecting him underwent an instantaneous revolution. He had detected the secret avenue by which the heart of the haughty aristocrat communicated with the common ocean of humanity. Here then, in this chill and stately citadel of clay, the lamp of love, the least mortal of all mortal things—if mortal, indeed, it be burned in all its brightness, though not a single ray was ordinarily suffered to beam forth externally. Denzil perceived the lips move, and once or twice a slight murmur of the voice was audible.

"His prayer over, the old man rose from his knees, and taking up the lamp advanced along the wall of the chapel, and kindled a number of tall tapers rising out of branches of silver, each in a separate niche. As in the performance of this singular office he approached the door, Denzil concealed himself. He then passed and proceeded up the other side, repeating at every step the same act, till the whole chapel was in a blaze of light. He then returned to the great niche at the farther extremity, where he sat down beside the marble effigy, his elbow resting on the basement, and supporting his reclined head on his hand.

"Denzil, shrouded in the darkness of the corridor, now contemplated the whole scene at his leisure. He counted the number of niches and of candles, and found that there were in all forty-nine. He observed, however, that two cavities were empty and without lights. The chapel was arched above, and the groins, spreading and delicate, appeared to rest on a succession of slender pillars with Gothic capitals, and connected with each other by a series of fanciful ornaments. The floor was paved with chequers of black and white marble, and a number of inscriptions, too distant for him to read, appeared on tablets in the niches. A multitude of winged heads projected from the wall, and over the fanciful little tabernacle, which contained the marble figure of the lady, stood an angel with a trumpet in his mouth. Sir Cosmo appeared to be himself transformed into stone. Neither word nor sigh escaped him, but he sat absolutely motionless, buried in profound thought.

"Exceedingly perplexed by all he had seen, and deeply grieved that he should have thus intruded upon the privacy of his friend, Denzil retreated along the corridor, in the hope of being able to feel the way to his bed-room, but found that in the dark it was no easy matter. He searched for the door by which he had entered the great hall, and after groping about for a considerable time appeared to have discovered it. He therefore advanced, slowly spreading his hands before him to prevent his striking against any thing in the darkness, and coming to the top of a staircase, descended, rejoicing that, as he supposed, he had fallen so easily on the right track. The number of steps appeared, however, to have greatly augmented since his ascent, and when at length he arrived at the bottom, the door proved to be firmly shut; and there was consequently no exit in that direction. He now experienced extreme vexation and no little alarm; for although he could apprehend no bodily injury, he would at the moment have preferred being placed within the sweep of a battery, to the discovery of his indiscretion by Sir Cosmo Digby. Under the influence of these feelings he remounted the staircase with the greatest possible speed; and on regaining the great hall, recommenced his endeavours to find the door by which he had entered. His efforts were vain, and he began to despair of success; when at a distance he beheld the baronet advancing towards him with his light. His thoughts were at that moment of the most painful kind. What explanation could he possibly give of the circumstances in which he had placed himself? Would Sir Cosmo lend the least credit to his apprehensions of robbers? He might himself be conscious of having meant well; but the innocence of his pur-



pose would doubtless not prevent his host from entertaining the most unpleasant suspicions. If nothing else, his arming himself with the poker would expose him to the ridicule of the baronet, and even this he dreaded as something intolerable.

"The old man approached nearer and nearer, and yet the detestable door no where presented itself. At length, however, moving a little to the right, he beheld it, and darting forward at the imminent risk of being detected rushed down stairs. Arrived at the bottom, as many difficulties as before encompassed him; for until the light appeared he knew not which way to turn. He crept away, therefore, and held himself aloof as far as possible, ever keeping in advance of the old man, until at length he reached his chamber-door, and gliding in unperceived, was speedily plunged beneath the sheets, his teeth chattering, and his whole frame as cold as ice."

*Allanston, or the Infidel: a Novel.* Edited by LADY CHATTERTON. In 3 vols. Newby, 1844.

LADY CHATTERTON ought not to have given the sanction of her title to this absurd and trashy novel. It has been so much the fashion of late to send forth bad books to the world under the patronage of a good name, that it is quite time the reviewers should interfere and put a stop to a practice which is, in truth, a sort of fraud upon the public; for though the words "edited by" are placed before the patron, it is well known that most persons who glance over an advertisement scarcely notice the distinction, and seeing a well-known name attached to the title of the book, conclude that it is the name of the author, and do not discover their mistake until it is bought, and on opening it, they wonder how such trash could be written by such an author. In the meanwhile, the publisher's, or the writer's, object is gained, the book has been pushed into sale by the trick, and the purchasers learn to discredit all booksellers, and to look with suspicion on every work that is advertised.

This *Allanston* is a disgusting instance of the sort of petty imposition we are denouncing. It would not merely be unworthy of Lady Chatterton's pen, but it would disgrace the veriest drudge of the Minerva press. Never was there offered to the circulating libraries such a compound of improbability and absurdity of plot, with conceited ignorance and pedantic folly in composition.

The hero commits a murder, becomes a Prime Minister, and is sent to Newgate, where he dies! And such as is this precious plot, so is the writing. Let not one of our readers be tempted, by Lady Chatterton's name, to order it for the library or the book club.

*The Gravedigger: a Novel.* By the Author of "The Scottish Heiress." In 3 vols. Newby.

THE singular feature of this novel is the repetition of himself, which the author has exhibited with a seeming unconsciousness that is quite amusing. It might have been entitled "*The Scottish Heiress Redivivus*," for it dishes up again, with very little disguise of form or flavouring, the plot, the characters, and almost the thoughts and dialogues of that novel. Now, "*The Scottish Heiress*" was a really clever production, containing some admirable pictures of Scottish life, and we believe it interested wherever it was read. "*The Gravedigger*," being its double, is also clever and interesting, and will delight those who did not read "*The Heiress*," but they who did read "*The Heiress*," may almost be said to have read "*The Gravedigger*" by anticipation, and therefore we cannot advise them to send for it.

#### PERIODICALS.

*The Dublin University Magazine, for January.* Dublin. Curry and Co.

THIS new number of a new volume more than sustains the high character which we attributed to the *Irish Magazine* in our notice of it last month. We have seldom seen a more interesting collection of papers; the subjects being selected with excellent taste, and all being ably treated. Those which have most pleased us are a Biographical Sketch of the late Dr. Maginn, of whom there is a very clever portrait; the first of a series of Historic Tableaux, brief but brilliant; and a calm, learned article on Mesmerism, tracing its history from the earliest time to the present. The "Episodes of Eastern Travel" are vividly graphic. The *Dublin* would be improved by the introduction of some national tales. An Irish magazine should be Irish in other departments than in its politics.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

*The Comic Album for 1844.* London. Orr & Co.

THE contents of this volume are mainly contributed by the gentlemen who have made *Punch* so popular by their genuine humour, which it is their peculiar merit to have preserved pure from vulgarity. Their fun has not relaxed, and the *Comic Album* is in every respect worthy of their fame. The illustrations are numerous and clever; and the names of Albert Smith, Laman Blanchard, and G. A'Beckett, are guarantees that the lover of fun will not be disappointed if he seeks it here. We select two specimens, which will make the gravest chuckle:—

TOBY PUNCH TO HIS PAPA.

"Ticklepot Hall Academy, 10th Dec. 1843.

"My dear Father,—The near approach of the Christmas vacation affords me the pleasurable opportunity of addressing you on the subject of my studies, in which I trust you will find me greatly improved. On French days, I regularly dine off six dozen oysters, that I may acquire the language like a native, and already I find no difficulty in getting through a lot of Shelly's works, which I quite devour, and readily translate into another tongue. Greek we learn by candle-light, as our professor thinks it the easiest method of becoming acquainted with Greece; but, after all, this is a point much questioned by some of the illuminati. Next half-year I am to commence Spanish; in the meanwhile I am undergoing a preparatory course of onions and chesnuts. I have not yet touched Italian, fearing to have too many irons in the fire at once. I have almost forgotten my Latin, which, you will be glad to learn, I prosecute with the utmost rigour. After that, English comes quite easy and natural, for we stand in a class, to answer questions relative to parts of speech and syntax (Mr. Tickle-top says the Income-tax is a *sin-tax*), and all that sort of thing; what we know we tell, and what we don't, we miss, and that is called *pass-ing*! As for exercises, on Saturdays some of the boys learn to dance, which I am anxious to do, only I await your approval before I take any steps. I have filled a book with eyes, mouths, ears, and noses, so you will perceive that drawing has been a principal feature, but I hope soon to make faces, which will be delightful, although I must not paint myself in too flattering colours. Geography has not been neglected. I am as familiar with both globes as the gold and silver fish in the parlour, only I have not done any maps yet, as Mr. T. thinks maps will lead to *charl-ism*, which is to be avoided. Ancient history I find vastly entertaining, especially that portion about Romulus and Remus being suckled by a wolf, which reminded me of a like instance in more modern times, I mean Little Red Riding Hood, who was devoured by an animal of the same species. The cases are strikingly similar. The experiments in electricity were so truly shocking, that I preferred attending the hydraulic class, conducted by Mr. Welt, the shoemaker, who lately joined the Teatotalers; and it is a singular coincidence, that all the boys' boots have let in water ever since! I regret to state, that my last new clothes are torn to rags, the effects, I verily believe, of the new tar-iff; you must also furnish me with another great-coat, for, as the winter sets in, I shall be either 'warm with' or 'cold without.' Mr. Tickle-top presents the compliments of the season. I hope to find you in good health on the 14th, and not as we shall be, 'breaking up.'"

"From your dutiful and affectionate son,  
TOBY PUNCH."

YOUNG ENGLAND.

BY LAMAN BLANCHARD.

"Of the disposition and dimensions of Young England, however, one has a rather more distinct and definite idea: and at this very moment, not for once so ill-timed and intolerable, the united voices of those sons of freedom, my landlady's nine lively, spirited, frolicsome, delightful little darlings, convey to my mind the most animated sense of his identity. Yes, it is Young England, in his habit as he squalls! As he squalls, falls, calls, and bawls—as he laughs, bel-lows, shrieks, and squeaks—as he stamps, tumbles, jumps, crashes, and smashes—plying, vigorously and simultaneously, his lungs, heels, toes, and hands—as he clatters at the window, kicks at the door, knocks over the inkstand, tugs off the tablecloth, sweeps down swarms of glasses, breaks headlong through ceilings, tramples on tender toes, pokes out eyes with toasting-forks, flattens noses with family bibles, chokes himself with sixpences, weakly and absurdly presented to the little monster as bribes for quietness—hides in a sly corner some small article of indispensable necessity to his doating attendant—drops out of window the very thing of all others he was told never to touch—makes his sisters' lives miserable—fills his papa's mind with sad apprehensions for the future—almost breaks his poor mamma's heart once every day—and is, now and always, the sweetest, dearest, most delightful, charming little duck of a child—a darling little love of an angel, sentenced to be affectionately eaten up at least once an hour, and to have a piece rapturously bitten out

of his rosy, round cheek every five minutes—the pride of its father's soul, and the joy of its mother's fond and nurturing breast—a pretty cherub, a love-bird, and a poppet—lastly, in the expressive language of the nursery, which no language besides has endearing epithets to equal, a ducky-diddly!

"Yes, this must be Young England! Young England all the land over. Before he could speak a word of English, I knew the young plague. I know him still by his sobs and by his screams, and by the sound of the tea-cups he breaks, and by his peg-tops, and by the stamp of his feet overhead; his small, tiny, tremendous, never-tiring feet, which clatter incessantly, as if restless with internal iron—that had entered into his sole—or as if shod, like Don Gusman's statue, with real marble." \* \* Powers of deafness, defend me; what a cry was there! In the name of Niagara, with its torrents of tears, and its sky-rending roar, what can be the matter with its little human imitator, Young England? Why, his heart will burst with its overcharge of grief—his cheeks crack—his eyes will be fairly washed out of his head. What can be the matter? 'Hurgh! hurgh! hurgh! urgh! ugh! oo!' \* \* How the anxious, trembling, doating mother questions her sobbing darling—what has happened to him? who has hurt him? did he fall down? what was it that terrified him? and he is tenderly searched all over to see whether that careless Charlotte had not placed a cruel pin somewhere to run into his dear, sweet flesh. No—no such thing; and as the hysterical emotion subsides, the little bits of broken words creep out, and supply the solution to the mystery. 'Ugh, ugh, oo! I offered Fanny one of my apples, and she took it—oo-oo!' \* \* My landlady took her nine small innocents to the play on one occasion, an actor of her acquaintance having given them some orders. A terrible noise of weeping and gnashing of teeth they made, the play being a 'deep' tragedy, and the performer, who had bountifully bestowed upon them the free admissions, being sentenced in the last act to death. The eldest of the innocents was dreadfully affected by this catastrophe. The soothing system was tried by the mamma, but in vain,—the little mourner would not be comforted. The reality of the scene overcame her; and it was quite absurd to keep nudging and crying 'hush.' With a burst of affliction, heard in the centre of the pit, she exclaimed,—'Oh, they're going to put him to death!—he'll never give us any more orders!' \* \* Thunderbolts and penny-trumpets—what a mingling of the roar and the squeak! Young England is going-it up stairs. \* \* All the tuncful nine are jumping and jabbering, screaming, tearing, smashing, crashing, laughing, crying; and at once—all at once! \* \* Only Young England! Why it must be Young Europe, at the least, with those wild young dogs Asia, Africa, and America barking at his heels, and the pup Australia yelping feebly in the distance! How miraculous! The ceiling has not yet come down—no more does my landlady—no, nor any semblance of a servant. How should they!—how answer a bell which they can't hear? St Paul's set tolling on the staircase would be a thing inaudible. As to hearing oneself speak, I can hardly see myself write. And yet there are but nine of them! What then must be the roar and commotion in that building of a forty-Babel power—a preparatory seminary, dedicated to Young England! Some French writer has given expression to the joy he feels whenever he hears a child cry; because, as he remarks, it is then sure to be taken out of the room. \* \* Now, audibly in the midst of the wild dissonance and uproar, I can catch the mild, pleasing, affectionate twang of the maternal voice—the fond accents of my landlady herself, like the sea-music of the note of Mother Carey calling to her pretty chickens in the storm. What does she say? 'Ah, my sweet babes, so you are all merry-making together; I thought, as I came up stairs, I could hear your voices!' Dear young middle-aged lady! It was only a mother—and a fond one, too—who could have said that. She could just hear her cherubs fluttering their tiny wings, as she came up! What fine ears a mother's heart has! Smash—crash! That was a sound of glass. Master Tom, the top-spinner, has had a mull; and the top itself has flown through a large pane into the street, falling with destructive force upon the large family-pie which the baker, board on head, was just bringing to the door. And now, what a shout lifts up the roof of the house! what peals of ecstasy celebrate the exploit! But the soft voice of my landlady is not quite drowned either—'My darling boy,' it says, 'what charming spirits you have! but don't break the windows, in case the draught should give you cold.'"

*The British Housekeeper's daily, quarterly, and yearly Account of Cash received, paid, and owing, on account of Housekeeping, &c. &c.* Greenwich, 1843. Walton and Webber.

THE utility of a strict account of housekeeping expenditure will scarcely be denied, for in the experience of everybody ruin is more frequently occasioned by neglect of this observance than by any

other cause. But it is often omitted solely for want of knowledge by the housekeeper of a more convenient mode of effecting her object. This is supplied by the very useful books upon our desk, which are so arranged, that the most stupid will, without difficulty, be enabled to preserve the most accurate record of all outgoings. The expenses are classified under the principal heads of expenditure—ashousekeeping, furniture, and personal expenses, residence, and establishment, and these are subdivided into the most prominent trades to which money, under those titles, would be likely to be paid. A line is allotted for each day of the month, and each page will present at sight a month's expenditure. These totals being transferred to the other books, preserve, in like manner, the precise costs of the quarter and year, and being analysed, the housekeeper is enabled to see at a glance where he has been over lavish, and in what department he can curtail.

We heartily commend these excellent publications to every person who has the management of a household; every husband should place them in his wife's hands, and request her strict attention to them.

*The Sporting Almanac, and Oracle of Rural Life, for 1844.* (Sixth Year.) London, A. H. Bailey and Co.

This established annual still maintains that reputation which has won for it from the first the confidence of the sporting world, and consequently a very liberal support. Its illustrations this year, chiefly from pictures by Herring, Huggins, and Laport, are full of nature and spirit. The portrait of "Cotherstone," "the Mail Coach," "the Cow House," and "Partridge Shooting," are so good, that we cannot forbear inviting to them the attention of our sporting readers. In addition to the usual calendar, &c., with memoranda especially interesting to sportsmen and country gentlemen, it contains a considerable mass of valuable information on the several subjects of Racing, Hunting, Fishing, Shooting, Archery, and Yachting; with practical suggestions for the management of the horse and dog, and historical sketches of celebrated winners, &c. &c. The work is neatly got up, and in every way deserving of public patronage.

#### REVIEW OF UNPUBLISHED MSS.

*The Scorpion and Spiders; or, Ambition and Reform. An Apologue.*

THIS is the first answer to the invitation put forth in our last number. The poet shall give his own account of the nature and objects of his work:—

"It was originally written as a short fable in the Hudibrastic style, and meant to satirize the exploits and public life of a learned lord. As it grew under my fancy, it was extended both in design and application, and became a more formal apologue, embracing satire and strictures on the morals and doings of the day, his lordship's career, assisted by that of a certain other learned lion, still serving by way of guide. The hero figures as a giant scorpion, who, by craft and sail, obtains dominion over an ancient colony of industrious insects (amongst whom certain spiders, knowing in catching entomological clients, also figure), and by a series of schemes for their benefit ostensibly, and his own substantially, he plays the reformer. A description of the scene and time of action with delineations of the hero's policy, and its effect on his neighbours, &c., sketched in parody of certain late notable measures and projections, afford scope for irony and satire, and give occasion for the introduction of various subjects in illustration and crochets as episodes. The Argument of the first part will be the best description of its contents.

#### THE ARGUMENT.

"The author's astonishment illustrated by that of a certain dance.—The constellation Lyra leads the choir.—His appeal to the muses for performing their task boldly.—Allusion to the fate of modern bards.—A sketch of the origin and rise of song, and state of poets in their palmy days.—Their sad reverses in modern times depicted in bitter indignation, and an appeal made to agitate for their rights in modern fashion, with an offer to lead the way.—The poem opens with the golden ages, when beasts and insects were linguists, which fact, lest it should be doubted, is argumentatively and practically proved, and a comparison drawn between the poet's

logic and that of some olden theologians.—A sketch of Egyptian antiquities, and therein of its legends locked in hieroglyphics; one of these is revealed, being the history of a gigantic and powerful scorpion, and his rule over a colony of spiders.—The scene of his sway described, being the ruined chamber of an ancient temple, its former possessors satirized, and the kernel of an adjoining pyramid disclosed for the same purpose.—Some learned speculations respecting the monuments of Egypt advanced, and an account given of Apis and his worship, which rather leads the poet astray, and produces an apology.—The description of the hero's kingdom continued, and its utter desolation at the time of its being colonized by the tribes whose records are sung.—The poet requiring refreshment at the Hippocrene font, concludes with shewing a good title to two conceits.

"The style affected is that of Butler; but whilst his humour and quaint conceits are attempted to be imitated, his roughness and indelicacy are avoided; an innovation on his metre is also made, to save the monotony of constant couplets. In the poem also the measure is occasionally changed. Without now considering its merits (if any it have) or demerits (which it must have, of course), I entertain a doubt whether it is suited to the present taste; its length (300 or 400 lines) is perhaps unfavourable—the classical machinery of the poem and the fabulous and episodic construction of the whole are somewhat out of date.

"Frankly reporting the only criticism vouchsafed me by a friend, I now leave the matter in your hands, assured (although I fancy our politics are not 'all fours') of 'fair play and no favour,' thus—1st. Its merits are concealed by its incomprehensibility; and, 2ndly. A double quantity of quires would be required for explanatory notes."

There is a candour about this communication that inclines us favourably towards the writer; and his manuscript undoubtedly proves him to possess no mean natural powers, if only they be cultivated with an industry that will not weary, and perseverance that will not faint by the way, though years of toil must be endured before the hoped-for goal will gleam upon his sight. Our would-be author has a lively fancy, and a flow of words that almost oppresses him with its copiousness. His ear is generally correct, and he performs the mechanical portions of his task, the metre and rhyme, with considerable skill. But we have looked at this brochure with an anxiety to discover if there be lurking in it the spark of true genius; for, if there it be, we should exhort him to pursue the career for which Nature had intended him, however obscured by the accidents of fortune, however rudely the spirit within him might now express itself. But we must candidly tell him that he never can become a great poet, and, we presume, he has no ambition to be a small one. Our advice to him, therefore, would be to turn his attention to composition in prose, for which the liveliness of his fancy and the facilities of his language well fit him.

The faults of the poem before us are patent. It is rhymed prose, and he has not quite mastered the art of versification. Many of the lines are wanting in their due proportion of syllables; some of the rhymes are altogether unlicensed; such, for instance, as,

"—and thou, my maiden *lyre*,  
Present thy flowing first-fruits to *Thalia*."

This is a Cockneyism into which we are surprised that one who writes so well as our author should have fallen. Nor will good taste sanction such an elision as

"On scrolls of azure traced their 'xploits in gold."

These, and many other faults of a like kind, are manifestly the results of inexperience; and we direct the writer's attention to them to shew him how much he has to learn before he could safely venture upon publication. We present a passage or two as fair specimens of what may be expected of him, when matured by time and incessant practice. The opening lines would become an Oxford prize poem:—

"At Thebes, 'tis storied, Memnon's mystic lute,  
Beneath his marble fingers cold and mute,  
Each morn would tremble, when the beaming wings  
Of orient Phæbus swept its sleeping strings;

As seraphs wake, with tongues attuned, and raise  
On wings of light and love their choral praise,  
So woke th' inspired chords in solemn strains,  
And dulcet murmurs hovered o'er the plains;  
Then swelling, poured their harmonies on high,  
And hymned aloud th' uprising deity."

There is some merit also in this:—

"The mumming rout of dreams, that bade  
The welcome to their world of shade,  
Now slowly fused, as gem and gold,  
To liquid light—a globule rolled—  
Grew aim—went out, as stars have done,  
With sudden wick, whilst gazed upon;  
And left me blinking in a mist,  
Like witch amidst the fetid fumes  
Of drugs, which hastily dismissed  
The imps she'd summoned with perfumes:  
But soon they cleared, or changed to chair,  
And other garret gear, to where  
My third of youth was spent—six years  
Of midnight, and reprieve from tears—  
Of seeming death, to wake endued  
With fresher life, and cares renewed!"

One passage more:—

#### AN EXCURSION.

"We floated swiftly thro' the sportive air,  
The winds in favour, and the weather fair;  
O'er sea and land, thro' fog and struggling light,  
As eagle soaring in meridian flight;  
Now touching lightly as it were for rest,  
Some passing cloud, or on a mountain's crest;  
Next boldly stretching up unmeasured heights,  
T'avoid a staving from the ballast, thrown  
From rival cars, and now in devious flights,  
Diverted from our course, by breezes blown.  
The new and varying scenes that round us glanced,  
As one receded, some more strange advanced,  
In quick succession changed, and only seen  
The sunny earth and chilly moon between;  
Here floating fields, like fleeces of curdling snows,  
There vaporous masses, black'ning as they rose;  
The crash of thunders cloud-concealed, till broke,  
By some wild whirlwind's wing with mighty stroke,  
The gorgeous circle round the dewy brow  
Of earth; where sun in smiles the showers greet,  
One half alone here seen, a prism bow;  
Whose streaks of gem-light are, like joys, but fleet;  
Must form the thrilling themes of future page,  
Whilst stranger deeds our vent'rous song engage.  
The mountain sought appeared in sight;  
As emerald rayed with verdant light,  
Amid its rougher kin of rocks,  
Fair Grecia's green and tuncful hill  
Shone thro' the piles of billowy blocks  
Upheaved by Titan's rebel skill:  
Her sunny bosom swelled—we sank—  
Just skimmed its peak; and as the car  
Hung tremulous o'er, I 'pon a bank  
Leaped down."

We now bid adieu to our correspondent, tendering to him our humble advice to eschew rhyme and stick to prose.

#### MUSIC.

##### Summary.

BALFE's *Bohemian Girl* maintains its popularity and its place upon the stage, which may be deemed indeed a memorable event in the history of modern English music. Since Barnett's *Mountain Sylph*, we remember no opera of native production that has so long kept its hold upon public favour. This is a test of merit which we do not pretend to deny; but we repeat our regret that the music, though written in England, should not be English at all, but purely Italian. Mr. and Mrs. Wood have re-appeared before a London audience, and much curiosity has been displayed to learn if the fame of former years is sustained by the lady now. We think not; she has lost much of that rich fullness of tone that once distinguished her. In other respects she has rather improved than otherwise. She is a better actress; she has more self-command; her energy is greater. Undoubtedly she will be an acquisition to the musical drama, if she can be tempted to remain in it.

To our fair readers in search of something new for their musical parties, we can convey no intelligence of aught deserving their attention. The London drawing-rooms are echoing chiefly the music from the *Bohemian Girl*, and two or three of the songs are really very pretty; but, unluckily, the best of them are composed for a gentleman's voice in the opera, and when such songs are sung by a lady they always appear to us to lose half their interest. It is as bad as is a lady's song sung by a gentleman; and if music be worth any thing, its character will be moulded according to the voice that is to embody it.



## ART.

## Summary.

THE past month, like that preceding it, has furnished but little really deserving of record in the shape of Art. In fact, excepting during the period which extends from the opening of the earliest to the close of the latest exhibition, less is heard of the painter and sculptor than we could wish far less, certainly, than their interests demand. But the season for their triumphs or discomfitures is nigh at hand. Next week will open the *British Institution*, the first in point of time, and, pretty generally considered, the second in merit of the annual exhibitions. For some time past, at the *conversazioni* and other places of meeting, speculation has been on the alert among artists, "Does Mr. Such-a-one exhibit?" "Is so-and-so strong this year?" The information we have casually gleaned on these heads we readily give. Mr. Patten, we understand, will exhibit that noble imaginative picture, "Dante, &c. in the *Inferno*," which was so deservedly admired at "the Academy" last year. Mr. Lance, too, will contribute several pictures, including two in the loftier walk of Art he has recently taken up, and in which he hitherto has been, and promises to be, eminently successful. We have reason also to hope for some sculpture from the able chisel of Mr. Bell, whose severely classical and beautiful "Illustrations of the Liturgy," now publishing, have more than once been favourably noticed in *THE CRITIC*. The Art-Union of London have just brought out twenty-two designs in outline, embodying the principal scenes in the "Pilgrim's Progress," from the spirited prize drawings of Mr. H. C. Selous. As these will no doubt hereafter come under our censorial ken, we forbear any critical remarks on them at present. It remains to add, that the world of Art has sustained a loss by the death of Mr. H. P. Briggs, a painter of considerable power, whose portraits, especially, ranked among the very best, if they were not their first, of their day.

## THE EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF GEORGE THE FOURTH, TRAFALGAR-SQUARE.

The alterations, which, at the erection of this statue, were thought desirable in the pedestal that supports it, having at length been completed, "the horse and his rider" stand prominently before the public, and challenge a dispassionate criticism.

We scarcely remember any noble work of art, of what may be termed a national character, which has not been more or less assailed by coarse sneers, groundless objections, or by downright burlesque from some portions of the press. It would seem that how just soever may be the proportions, how manifold the beauties, how obvious the general merits of a building, a picture, or a statue, they shall avail it nothing; but if (even in its mere name, should better opportunity be lacking) it afford a salient point for a joke, however spiritless, or a hit of an illiberal nature, it shall not be spared, but be made a mark for ridicule or venom, as the humour may prevail. We have been grieved to find some of our journals, in the case of this splendid statue, descend to frivolity and meanness such as this. Not only is it the most despicable of bad taste to vituperate the *effigies* because one may have disliked the man whom it represents, but it is an injustice to the artist, and a gross insult to the thousands who think differently of the honoured party, and whose opinion, to impartial observers, may carry with it as great—possibly a higher value than our own. If, on the whole, a work is really *bad*, then, not only is censure justifiable, but it becomes a duty; the public interest demands it: but that which is manifestly *good*, if it do not receive the meed it deserves, should be treated at least with decency by the censors of Art, if they withhold respect.

The equestrian statue of George the Fourth, by the late Sir Francis Chantry, is unquestionably the grandest in this country, of the many that have fallen under our observation. It is of the heroic standard, greatly larger than life, without being colossal. In character it is purely *classic*: the king sits bareheaded, without stirrups, wearing a kind of *toga* (which falls in graceful folds upon the horse),

and bears in his right hand a scroll. The objections which, at first thoughts, we naturally entertain towards the use of a costume differing so widely from that worn, and, indeed, requisite in this climate, immediately vanish when we see how far more sculptural it is, and what dignity it imparts to the human form. The figure of the king is noble and majestic, without stiffness or affectation of any kind. His face is slightly elevated and turned to the right, as though in the act of speaking, and the likeness, we should say, is admirable. The horse is the most life-like and real of all the bronzes and marbles we have ever examined. With befitting *massiveness* and breadth of parts, his proportions are symmetrical as they are found in the most perfect efforts of nature. His countenance is animated; all his legs are on the ground, and the attitude he assumes, as regards sculpture, is original and commanding. The general *pose* of the entire statue is easy and natural, and the *lines* it cuts from every point, whence we have been enabled to view it, are severe, yet beautiful.

The feelings of pride with which we regard this magnificent work are mingled with regret that he who here has successfully emulated the great masters of antiquity is not upon earth to enjoy his triumph, and that, therefore, we may not hope for similar excellencies from his hand in time to come.

*A Series of Compositions from the Liturgy.* By JOHN BELL, Sculptor. No. III. London, 1483. Longman and Co.

THE third number of this ingenious work sustains the reputation of its predecessors. The subjects are taken from the Morning Prayer. The first embodies the sentence, "When the wicked man," &c., and represents the repentant sinner received by an angel, who, with one shielded arm, protects him from the demons, who are retreating in the distance, and with the other points to Paradise. "Dearly beloved Brethren," &c., is a beautiful group, the attitudes and expression of devotion exhibiting Mr. Bell's mastery over face as well as form. "Almighty and most merciful Father," &c., is another group of worshippers, kneeling, and of equal merit with the former. We are not so pleased with the illustration of "We are the people of his pasture and the sheep of his hands." The figure of speech is too literally adopted: a flock of sheep could not by any art be made a sculptural object. Wishing this design had been omitted, we pass to the next—"When your Fathers tempted me:" which tells the tale of the worship of the golden calf. There is great power in this group—a life and energy very difficult to be embodied in the hard outlines of marble. Of a similar character is "Proved me, and saw my works," which pictures Moses striking the rock; and there is, in the rush of the fainting crowd to drink of the miraculous fountain, abundant proof that Mr. Bell has *genius* to design, and all who are familiar with his works know that he has skill to execute. We should much like to see this series of compositions adopted for the interior decoration of some one of our churches.

## THE DRAMA.

## PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

THE novelty of the month has been the re-appearance of Mr. and Mrs. Wood. We have stated our opinion of the present powers of the fair vocalist in our Summary of Music, and we need not repeat it here. The piece selected for them has been "*The Maid of Judah*," a version of Scott's *Ivanhoe*, miserably mangled by the play-wright. It contains, however, some pleasing music, and the manager has brought it upon the stage with lavish liberality of scenery, dresses, and decorations. Upon the whole, it is well played by the company; but as Mr. and Mrs. Wood are the centre of attraction, others are scarcely noted. Mr. Wood, as *Ivanhoe*, extremely delighted us. He *acts* the part as well as he sings it; and his singing is full of spirit, shewing that he throws all his soul into the music. Mrs. Wood, who is magnificently dressed, and with her fine figure really *looks* a *Rebecca*, did ample justice to the composer. Crowded audiences have greeted them on each night of their appearance with great and well-earned applause. The clever Christmas entertainment, of which we gave an account last month, continues to be received with acclamation.

## ADELPHI THEATRE.

The Christmas pantomime keeps its place, and so does *The Bohemians*, and we suppose they will continue so to do, so long as they fill the house to overflowing. The manager has no need to look for novelty till the public grows weary of the amusements he has already provided, and till then we shall have no other duty to perform than to recommend all who have not yet seen the entertainments we have named, to do so before they give place to others, which they shortly will.

GLEANINGS OF THE MONTH  
ORIGINAL AND SELECT.

## EPIGRAMS.

I.  
"There are lines in your poem—while looking it o'er—  
It struck me I've met a good many before,  
In Milton and Shakspeare." "Well, Sir," muttered Pat,  
"I suppose you don't think them the worse, Sir, for that."

II.  
"I am not in debt." "Bah! you need not have said it,  
For where, my dear fellow, could you have got credit?"  
Dublin University Magazine.

EPITAPHS.—The following is inscribed on a tombstone in the church-yard of Steddon, in Holderness: "Hear lies the body of W. Stenton, of Patrinton; he was buried the 28th of May, 1683, aged 79 years. He had children by his first wife 34—by his second 17—own father to 45, and grandfather to 86—great grandfather to 97—great great grandfather to 230—he lived to see, of his own generation, 251."

DIALOGUES ON DILWORTH.—Q. How many liquids are there besides the usual liquids known as *in n r*? A. The other liquids are T and double X.—Q. Why is an adjective like a drunken man? A. Because it cannot stand alone.—Q. Why is a Royal invitation like a preposition? A. Because it cannot be declined.—Q. How many parts of speech are there? A. It depends upon the speaker, who may sometimes divide his speech into several parts, and sometimes shew a total want of parts in speaking it.—Punch.

## LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

## ART.

PICTORIAL MUSEUM of Animated Nature, Vol. I. pp. 400, cloth, 10s. 6d.  
Byron Gallery, imp. 8vo. 37 engravings, bound, 2s.  
Hay, D. K.—Laws of Harmonious Colouring, adapted to Interior Decorations, &c. 5th ed. 8vo. pp. 104, cloth, 7s. 6d.  
Stanfield's Coast Scenery. 2nd ed. pp. 128, 40 engravings, 21s.

## BIOGRAPHY.

TAYLOR, W.—Memoir of the Life and Writings of the late William Taylor, of Norwich. Compiled and edited by J. W. Robberis, F.G.S., of Norwich. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 1108. 30s.

## DOMESTIC ECONOMY, ETC.

GRINDROD, R. B.—The Wrongs of our Youth. 8vo. pp. 76, sewed, 1s.  
Mitchell's Work-table Companion. 32mo. pp. 132, 3s.  
Can Woman Regenerate Society? Fep. pp. 184, cloth, 3s. 6d.  
Curie, P. F.—Domestic Homoeopathy. 3rd ed. fep. pp. 282, cloth, 5s.  
Churchill, F.—On the Principal Diseases of Females. 2nd ed. fep. pp. 414, cloth, 8s. 6d.  
Fowler, O. S.—Matrimony; or, Phrenology and Physiology applied to the Selection of Companions for Life. 8vo. pp. 56, sewed, 1s.  
Hand-Book of Domestic Brewing. 18mo. pp. 32, cloth, limp, 1s.

## EDUCATION.

COMIC NURSERY TALES. Sq. pp. 56, bds. gilt edges, 2s. 6d.  
—Puss in Boots, by E. P. Palmer, with Illustrations. Pp. 60, bds. 2s. 6d.  
De la Voe, M.—Nouveau Mlange, Narratif, Descriptif, Historique, et Littéraire. 12mo. pp. 406, bound, 4s. 6d.  
Ludlow, G.—Class Reading-Book. 5th ed. 12mo. pp. 368, bd. 3s.  
Mamma's Lessons for her Little Boys and Girls. 8th ed. sq. pp. 192, 4s. 6d.  
Otto Speckter.—The Child's Picture and Verse-Book. By Mary Howitt. Sq. pp. 206, gilt edges, 10s. 6d.  
Ollendorff, H. G.—New Method of Learning to Read, Write, and Speak the German Language in Six Months. 2nd ed. 12mo. pp. 490, bound, 9s.  
Adams, J.—General Atlas for the Use of Schools. New ed. 8vo. half-bound, 10s. 6d.  
Arnot, S.—Grammar of the Hindustanee Tongue. Royal 8vo. pp. 186, cloth, 10s. 6d.  
Christison, J.—Easy Grammar of the French Language. 2nd ed. 18mo. pp. 144, cloth, 1s. 4d.  
—Recueil de Fables et Contes Choisis, à l'Usage de la Jeunesse. 18mo. pp. 104, cloth, 1s. 4d.  
Butter, H.—Tangible Arithmetic and Geometry. 2nd ed. 18mo. pp. 40, sewed, 1s.  
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